Wicked Ones

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28159128.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M, F/F
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Mason Verger, Margot Verger, Will Graham's Dogs, Freddie Lounds, Alana Bloom, Antony Dimmond, Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Randall Tier, Francis Dolarhyde
Additional Tags:	Assassin Will Graham, Assassin Hannibal Lecter, Ex-Assassin, Dark Will Graham, Alternate Universe, Canon-Typical Violence, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Anal Sex, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Feral Will Graham, Anal Fingering, Rough Sex, Explicit Language, Sassy Will Graham, Will Graham Knows, Assassins & Hitmen, Alternate Universe - Assassins & Hitmen, Not Beta Read, Implied/Referenced Attempted Rape/Non-con, Past Attempted Rape/Non-Con, Blood, Blood Kink, Minor Character Death, Dubious Consent, Masturbation, Guns, Knives, Canonical Character Death, Physical Abuse, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Blow Jobs, Gun Kink, Knifeplay, Blood As Lube, Spit As Lube, Phone Sex, Dirty Talk, Oral Sex, Shower Sex, Typical Mason Verger, Beating
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The Wolf and The Ripper
Collections:	Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-19 Updated: 2023-08-07 Words: 21,629 Chapters: 11/18

Wicked Ones

by xMH_4Lx

Summary

Wolf Trap, Virginia – In the dead of night, criminals and fugitives alike seek refuge at the infamous Ravenstag Rescue, a veiled hospital and safe house. Will Graham, owner and ex-assassin, is known for two things: The sharpness of his tongue and the quickness of his blade. Hannibal Lecter, a frequent patron, has a strong interest in both.

--

Title inspiration: Wicked Ones by Dorothy

Notes

Welcome to my first planned out fic! I love Assassin!Will and Hannibal and wanted some more of them. I'll also update more tags as the story progresses so I don't spoil anything too much!

See the end of the work for more notes

The Ripper

Wolf Trap, Virginia – 1:13 AM

Will sighs, reaching for a bottle of whiskey as the sound of an all too familiar Bentley approaches up the driveway. *'Dammit.'* Will pours a glass and leans back against the bar to watch the door with the engine outside now quiet. Will brings the glass to his lips, following the silhouette of a man through the glass as it travels towards the door.

Will's dogs form a barrier between him and the entryway, their growls growing louder as the figure draws near. With their teeth bared and bodies lowered, the canines prepare to attack on Will's command as the door slowly opens. Will considers his options and, much like every time prior, he sides with the one that requires less cleanup. Will whistles then clicks his tongue, "Heel."

The dogs heed Will's command, returning to their beds as Will examines the figure in the darkened doorway. The man's black leather jacket and pants combo further silhouette his tall frame against the moonlit windows as he strides towards Will, pausing just feet in front of him.

Will rests the glass upon his lips as the scent of bergamot, sandalwood and blood wash over him. Will huffs into his glass as the man steps out of the shadows, a beam of moonlight illuminating his face, *'As dramatic as ever.'* His eyes trace along the man's familiar features, following from his ash blonde hair with but a single strand out of place, down to his strong brow and sharp cheekbones. He savors the whiskey on his lips as his gaze trails down the man's jawline, finally settling at his lips.

The lips that, whether he liked it or not, were scorched into Will's memory and he had tasted many times before. Will's body stiffens, his eyes snapping up to meet an amber gaze as the man's lips curl into a devilish grin, "Good evening, Will."

"Hannibal."

Hannibal smiles, "It's good to see you, Will." He reaches up, gently tucking a loose curl behind Will's ear, "You've cut your hair." Will quickly bats Hannibal's hand away, "Much like yourself, it was growing increasingly inconvenient." Hannibal chuckles as he removes his gloves, tucking them neatly inside his coat pocket.

Will sets his glass on the counter, "Are you hurt?"

Hannibal nods with a playful twinkle in his eye, "Of course. Would I have come if I wasn't?"

'Smartass.' Will scoffs and without another word heads towards the back of the house, Hannibal following behind. Will heads past the stairs into his sitting room and stops at the door underneath the staircase. Hannibal stands aside as Will enters a code into the concealed

keypad on an adjacent wall. The lock clicks open, and Will leads Hannibal down into the basement.

Hannibal follows Will down a small set of stairs and into the central area of the underground facility. The cold cement structure was made a bit warmer with furnishings that mirrored Will's home above. The central room resembled a typical living room with the exception of the row of full-length lockers along the back wall. Will made sure to include a television, couch, stereo and fully stocked bookshelf. He believed it was important for his "guests" to be able to entertain themselves so he wouldn't have to.

Will's office was tucked away in the back corner with a small kitchenette across the way. Two wings branched off from the main room, each lined with doors. On the right, the medical wing featured an operating room and four examination rooms. On the left, the lodging wing was lined with six bedrooms, each equipped with a bed and small bathroom, and a communal shower at the end of the hall.

The overall facility was small but efficient and its isolated location made the perfect hideout. To the outside world, it was The Ravenstag Rescue, a small wolf-dog rescue in northern Virginia. But to the criminal underworld, it was the elite members only clinic and safe house.

"You know the drill, weapons in the locker," Will instructs. The lockers were a simple but effective way to keep the peace. Will rests against the wall as Hannibal disarms, placing his pair of daggers and even a set of scalpels inside a locker. "Even for the infamous 'Ripper', that should be considered overkill."

Hannibal secures his locker and turns to Will with a smirk, "Pun intended? I assure you, my dear 'Wolf', all of my tools are necessary and serve a purpose."

Will rolls his eyes with a huff, "Head down to exam room #2, first door on the right and I'll send Brian in. He's just finished up a surgery, so you'll have to be patient."

"Who else is seeking your assistance tonight?" Hannibal inquires.

"Matthew just left, and Antony should be off the operating table soon." Will notes the subtle shift in Hannibal's expression, his curiosity replaced with mischief. "Don't even think about it, Hannibal. Antony just got a bullet dug out of him and his body certainly can't handle what you would do to him."

"Come now, Will, all *three* of us know that isn't true. I've found his body to be quite resilient, yet pliable." Hannibal winks.

"Contrary to what you may believe, I'm not running a love motel, Hannibal." Will bites back.

"While I could make a case that proves otherwise," Hannibal continues, "That is not the reason for my visit. I would appreciate it if you would perform my treatment tonight, as I am on a tight schedule."

“If it will get you out of my hair, follow me.” Will stands from his position against the wall and turns to the medical wing. Will heads to examine room #2 with Hannibal not far behind. Just as they are about to enter the room, a voice grabs their attention.

“Well, if it isn’t The Ripper.” Hannibal and Will turn in unison to find Antony Dimmond, the infamous Thief of Hearts, smiling as he exits the operating room. Although his moniker was a bit heavy-handed for Will’s tastes, Antony was one of the top pickpockets and thieves, using his natural charm and allure to his advantage.

Antony smiles at Will, his attention swiftly returning to Hannibal. “Please Antony, call me Hannibal. Neither of us are working.” Hannibal grins, quickly eyeing the man up and down.

“It’s been so long, I was sure you’d both forgotten about me.” Antony smirks moving closer to the men.

“Rest assured, you’re quite hard to forget.” Hannibal’s voice deepens. “One of these days you’ll have to join me for dinner.” Will smirks and laughs under his breath, *‘Hope he likes long-pig.’* Hannibal’s habit of taking trophies from his hunts was well known. However, only a select few knew what he actually did with them. Most not alive today to tell the tale.

Will grows tired and slightly irritated as Antony and Hannibal continue with their sexually charged banter. *‘I would say get a room but they would actually do it.’*

“Hannibal.” Will interrupts as he steps inside the examination room. “I believe you mentioned your tight schedule.” Antony and Hannibal turn to Will, neither one’s smirk fading. “Antony, you need to get to a room and rest. I don’t want to hear Zeller bitch about having to stitch you up again.”

“Will is correct. Till next time, Antony.” Hannibal politely bows.

“Bonsoir.” Antony smiles, bidding the men farewell.

Will closes the door behind them as Hannibal settles on the exam table. Will removes his jacket, rolls up his sleeves and washes his hands. “Show me the wound.”

“It would have been rude to not speak with an old friend.” Hannibal replies, holding out his arm for examination.

“I don’t care who you *converse* with.” Will turns from the sink and his eyes lock onto Hannibal’s hand. ‘ *Are you fucking kidding me?’* A single, almost surgical, slice decorated the back of Hannibal’s hand. Will looks from the hand to its owner. “Are you fucking kidding me?” he asks as he grabs bandages from the counter.

“I thought it best to take precautions now rather than regret my decision at a later time.” Hannibal replies.

“I’m charging you extra for this.” Will pulls up a stool and takes Hannibal by the hand, examining the cut further. The wound was deep enough to bleed but not to leave lasting

damage. Hannibal smiles as Will treats his hand, Will's face softening and his touch remaining gentler than his tone.

Just as Will finishes wrapping his hand in gauze, Hannibal breaks the silence. "Will, join me for another hunt. I have a new contract and I'd like for you to join me. I believe it –"

"Not this again" he sighs and stands, putting his supplies away.

"You don't have to answer immediately," Hannibal continues, "but please do consider it. We worked so well together in the past and they used to call us the most delightful name."

"Murder Husbands." Will huffs, moving the stool back under the desk counter. "We can thank Freddie for that one. Always spreading rumors like wildfire." Will rests his body against the counter, observing Hannibal from across the room.

"Rumors are essential to Ms. Lounds employment, but the name was quite charming."

"And inaccurate." Will quickly adds.

Hannibal grins, "Do tell, Will. Is your concern over the term 'murder' or 'husbands'?"

"My *concern* is over the fact that we keep having this conversation. As I've told you before, I'm done with that part of my life. I retired." Hannibal reaches a hand out, beckoning Will closer. Will pushes himself off the counter and saunters towards Hannibal.

"As a wise man once said, ' *Our old lives hover in the shadows, like incipient madness.'* You're still tied to this world, mostly of your own accord." Will pauses and crosses his arms, now standing within arms' distance of Hannibal. Hannibal smiles softly at Will, concern in his eyes, "If you were over this life, Will, you wouldn't keep The Ravenstag."

"And if you were as skilled as they say, you wouldn't *be at* The Ravenstag constantly." Will fires back.

Hannibal chuckles. "Perhaps." Hannibal's lips curl into his trademark smirk. Before Will can react, Hannibal snakes an arm around his waist, pulling Will's body between his legs, tight against his chest. "Or perhaps I don't want you to forget my face." ' *Honestly, how could I?'* Will thinks.

Will arches his brow, "Didn't you have a schedule to keep?" Hannibal lifts Will's chin, bringing him close, their lips lightly brushing against one another.

"You're on it."

The Wolf

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will keep on schedule and they finally discuss the reason for Hannibal's visit. (Yay! Porn and Plot!)

Chapter Notes

Honestly though, I have to stop including so much plot.

Wolf Trap, Virginia – 2:32 AM

Will arches his brow, “Didn’t you have a schedule to keep?” Hannibal lifts Will’s chin, bringing him close, their lips lightly brushing against one another.

“You’re on it.”

~

Will had sensed the hunger radiating off Hannibal all night. Some called his empathy a gift and others a disorder, Will knew it’s a curse. While he can interpret, then absorb a portion of a target’s techniques, adding them to his own repertoire, it also left him sensitive to others emotions. Everything feeding the darkness within.

Here and now, Hannibal’s desire washes over Will, a heat rising within. *‘Fuck it.’*

Will grabs Hannibal by the collar and crashes their lips together. Hannibal’s hold on Will tightens as Will hungrily bites his lip, pulling it between his teeth. Hannibal growls, capturing Will’s lips once again, their tongues battling for dominance as they paw at each other's clothes, mindlessly shedding their outer layers. Just as Will gets Hannibal’s shirt open, Hannibal runs his hands down Will’s back, cupping his ass and hoisting Will up onto his lap as he sits back on the exam table.

Will reaches between them, unbuckling their pants and taking both cocks in his hands. Hannibal hisses, his hands digging into Will’s hips as he strokes their cocks together, hips thrusting into his hand. Will's head falls back with a groan as Hannibal sucks at his exposed neck, biting along his collar bone, marking him. *‘Bastard.’* is all he can think, moaning as his mind quickly focuses back on Hannibal’s thick uncut cock pulsing against his own. He runs a thumb over Hannibal’s leaking tip, pulling a low deep moan from the older man.

Hannibal brings a hand up to Will's mouth, Will eagerly taking the fingers into his mouth, his tongue running along the digits as he sucks and coats the fingers. His soft moans music to Hannibal's ears. Hannibal removes his fingers and slides his hand down the back of Will's lax pants, slipping a finger between the firm cheeks. Will keens as Hannibal teases his entrance. "Hannibal," he pants, peering down at Hannibal.

"Patience, love." Hannibal smirks up him, finger now circling Will's puckered hole.

"We aren't lo-ah!" Will bites his lip to muffle the moan as Hannibal's finger, then two, push past the tight ring of muscles. Will presses back against Hannibal's fingers as he works him open, moaning as the digits venture deeper, curling against his prostate. Will hastily rocks his hips, thrusting against Hannibal's cock and fucking himself on Hannibal's fingers.

'Fuck I need more.' Will releases their cocks and raises his hips to slip off Hannibal's fingers, using Hannibal's shoulders as leverage. "That's enough," he pants impatiently. Hannibal's grip tightens on Will's hips, pulling him back down, deeper onto his fingers.

"A bit more," he replies, his voice stern. "I don't want to hurt you, Will."

"Just. Do it." he growls, his eyes turning dark, something primal surfacing.

"As you wish." A small groan escapes Will's lips as Hannibal swiftly pins him to the table, fully removing Will's pants in the process. He looks up at the large body looming over him through half lidded eyes, licking his lips as his gaze locks in on Hannibal's cock. Will spreads his legs, all but begging the man to fuck him.

Hannibal grips Will by the hips, bottoming out in a single thrust with a long drawn out groan. Will moans, crying out as Hannibal's cock stretches him open. "Fuck," Will hisses, relishing the pain and pleasure Hannibal's quick and dirty thrusts bring. Hannibal fucks into Will at a brutal pace, their moans mixing as the exam table rocks beneath them.

Will hooks his legs around Hannibal's hips, locking his ankles as he slips a hand between them, stroking his aching cock. Hannibal swats his hand away, replacing it with his own. His firm grip and calloused hands drive Will over the edge. Will tosses his head back, toes curling as he cums with a long moan, coating his stomach and Hannibal's hand. His muscles tighten around Hannibal, drawing a groan from the man above him.

Hannibal leans back and licks his hand clean, eyes locked with Will's as continues pounding against his prostate. "F-fuck wait-" he whines, his body quickly becoming overstimulated, moaning with each additional thrust. Will grips the table as Hannibal's bruising grip returns to his hips. "Hannibal." Will pants between breaths.

Hannibal snaps his hips once more, growling as he cums, spilling ropes of cum inside Will. Will unlocks his legs and whines quietly as Hannibal pulls out. He rests for a moment then pushes up on his elbows to find Hannibal already dressed, smiling and completely composed. Will sighs. *'This man truly is the devil.'*

Will gets dressed as Hannibal makes final adjustments to his own appearance, eyes fixed on Will. “Are you ready to continue our previous conversation?” Hannibal starts then pauses with a smirk, “Though I’m not complaining about the recent course of events.”

Will fiddles with one last button before looking to Hannibal. “You better not complain. Not a smart move when you’re unarmed.” Will moves across the room and rests back against the counter, “ Let’s get it over with.”

Hannibal chuckles, “I only bring this up because I believe this particular target will interest you.”

“I highly doubt that. Who is it?” Will huffs skeptically, arms now folded across his chest.

“Mason Verger.” A shiver shoots down Will’s spine at the very name. *‘The Mad Dog.’* He had no interest in seeing Mason again unless it was with a knife against his throat. Hannibal notices Will’s eyes turning dark, as memories of three years ago wash over him.

Will had just returned home when Mason ambushed him. They shared no previous history, yet Mason’s rage and thirst for revenge were palpable as he disarmed Will, pinning him. He can still feel Mason’s breath against his ear, and the small cotton sheet against his cheek as Mason collected a single trademark tear. Will shudders, running a hand up his neck, if not for his pack, the night would have been much worse.

Last he had heard, a few days later Mason was the victim of a failed hit. Escaping with his life, his face left horribly deformed and the assailant never identified. Now, Mason rarely leaves his high-security compound, letting his henchman carry out his orders.

'That bastard should be put down…’ Will shakes off his thoughts of revenge, Hannibal’s hand now on his shoulder, their eyes meeting. “Are you kidding? He’s too well guarded by his ridiculous syndicate, you’d never get close. Not to mention he’s insane.”

“Getting your face torn off will do that to a man I imagine.” Hannibal chuckles. A smirk teases at the edge of the men’s lips, both silently taking pleasure in Mason’s outcome.

“Who called the hit?” Will asks. *‘Who could make The Ripper take on a suicide mission?’*

“Margot.” Hannibal replies matter of factly Hannibal smiles at the shock on Will’s face.

“Verger?” Will sighs and rubs the bridge of his nose. “Fuck. What kind of mess are you trying to drag me into?”

“It seems Ms. Verger and Ms. Bloom are securing the family business with Mason being their last obstacle. One they need outside assistance one, hence me and you.”

Will cocks his head to the side. “And why do you need me?”

“As you said, Mason is dangerous and he is no stranger to my methods nor yours. But he has never faced us together, and your retirement status works well in our favor. The Ripper and the Wolf, Murder Husbands reunited.” Hannibal teases.

Will scoffs, moving towards the door as Hannibal follows. “That's all in the past and I prefer to work alone.”

“Wolves traditionally are pack animals, my dear.” Hannibal corners Will against the door, their bodies inches apart as he lifts Will’s chin. “Though like humans, they are not without exceptions.”

“1. Don’t call me that. 2. I’m far from traditional.” Will shakes his head free of Hannibal’s grasp. He turns to the door, stepping to the side as he opens it.

“You certainly are.” Hannibal steps through the doorway, turning back briefly with a smile. “Think it over. I’ll be back soon and you can give me your answer then.” Will releases a heavy sigh as Hannibal takes his leave, disappearing into the hallway with and soon back into the night.

The Dragon

Chapter Summary

We get a glimpse into Will and Hannibal's past.
(It's a little longer than usual...sorry it took so long!)

Wolf Trap, Virginia –5:27 PM

Will sinks into his chair, leaning back with a heavy sigh, whiskey in hand. He watches as his pack darts back and forth in the yard, undeterred by the brisk winter air as the sun sets over the horizon. He takes another deep breath, letting his head fall back against the chair.

'He never stays away this long.' It's been almost two weeks since Will has seen Hannibal, practically unheard of since they met. There was a time when Will couldn't go two days without him dropping by 'the rescue' with his injuries, never serious yet always suspiciously surgical. Will doesn't dwell on the obvious nature of Hannibal's visits, they both get what they need and then he leaves.

While Will tries not to think about Hannibal, his mind does often wander towards one of the few constants in his life. A constant pain in the ass? Yes. But a constant nonetheless.

Will slowly sips his whiskey, enjoying the sunset while pushing the thoughts of Hannibal, and his absence, to the back of his mind. *'He'll turn up. Always does.'*

Will stands, the sun and whiskey now long gone, and whistles for the dogs. He heads inside, the pack rushing past him, heading his command. Will feeds the dogs and refills his whiskey before heading down into the basement, planning on getting some work done before the nightly crowd begins to arrive. Will makes his way down to the basement, eyes fixed to the floor, lost in thought, lifting his head to the sound of a familiar voice.

"Hey," Bev smiles as she puts on her coat, just finishing up the day shift. Her face falls, concerned with surfacing. "Woah. You look like death warmed over. You okay?"

Will rubs his chin and sighs, smiling weakly. "Yeah. I'm fine, I just haven't been sleeping lately." Bev's smile returns, her lips curling to verge on a smirk as she puts the pieces together. Will's eyes narrow, his tone slightly colder. "It's not what you think."

Bev hums skeptically, crossing her arms and shifting her weight to one leg. "I'm sure it isn't *exactly* what I'm thinking, but it still has to do with him, right?"

Will remains silent, both of them knowing the answer.

“So it is what I think.” Bev smirks, ”Technically.” Will huffs, settling against the back of a chair across from Bev. “Do you wanna talk about it?” she asks, concerned once more.

“There’s nothing to talk about.” Will doesn’t bother to hide the annoyance in his voice. “He asks me to hunt with him again, out of nowhere I might add, and then disappears for weeks.”

“Well you’ve had plenty of time to consider his offer.” She chuckles. “Are you gonna do it? You usually just brush it off and don’t even give it a second thought.”

“I’m not.... I might not…. It’s complicated” Will pauses, closing his eyes and rubbing the bridge of his nose with another heavy sigh. It seemed like that was all he was doing lately since Hannibal last showed up. He looks back to Bev, a darker tint in his eyes. “It’s Mason.”

Bev’s silent. She is one of the few people that know about Will and Mason’s past altercation and is the only person to which Will disclosed the full details. In the brief seconds of silence, Will recalls that night and how his fingers hovered over Hannibal's name for far longer than he’d care to admit before scrolling back up to Bev. In hindsight, it was the best decision. She was angry, not at him of course, but she hid it well enough and tried to remain calm for his sake. Will still isn't sure how Hannibal would have reacted to the situation...or *what* he would have done.

“Fuck....Really?” She sighs, Will humming in affirmation “Wow. Okay then. I can see why you aren’t champing at the bit.” She pauses shifting her weight again, clearly contemplating and searching for her words. ”But... maybe you should. I think it could be good for you. You know, could give closure and all.”

Will laughs, “Yeah, sure. If that crazy bastard doesn’t try to finish what he started.”

“I feel like Ma- he would have tried already if he was going to.” Will shoots a glare in her direction and Beverly throws her hands up weakly in defense. “Hey- I’m just being honest. Plus, it wouldn’t be an ambush and you wouldn’t be alone when you face him this time. And we *both* know Hannibal wouldn’t let him.”

‘She has a point…’ Will hated it to admit it, but it was true. Ever since their first hunt, Hannibal wasn’t subtle about his *feelings* or his protective, yet never overbearing, nature when it came to Will. That’s how Will had come to expect Hannibal. In control, never controlling. His calm, almost cheeky, demeanor only ever breaking when Will needed him.

“And~ there are worse partners out there. What I wouldn’t give for a hot assassin to have my back -and my front- like that.” Bev teases, winking as she grabs her coat, ignoring Will’s eyeroll. “Anyway, Jimmy should be here soon. Randall is resting. Actually he’s sedated. Either way he’s Jimmy’s problem now.” She laughs. ”I’ll see ya next week. Try to get some sleep, okay?”

“So two glasses of whiskey before bed instead of one? Got it.” They both laugh, Bev patting him on the shoulder with a smile before making her way upstairs.

Will closes his office door and falls back into his chair, sighing once again. Ever since that night with Hannibal, it seemed like that was all he was doing lately. Will checks on various accounts, files some paperwork, but the familiar voice creeps back.

“Join me for another hunt.” The words echo in his mind, as clear as the day Hanniball first uttered them. *‘Out in the field again….* hunting.’ Will scoffs quietly. *‘Hunting with Hannibal.’* Will rubs his face, groaning as he tosses his head back. Staring blankly at the ceiling as his thoughts drift to the memory of their first hunt together.

The target was Francis Dolarhyde, The Dragon. The *Great Red* Dragon if you asked him but Will wasn’t impressed. He used to work as a fellow hitman, but then his thirst for blood grew and he started killing for pleasure. One could say Will and Hannibal also killed for pleasure, and they wouldn’t be entirely wrong. But the major difference between them and what Dolarhyde had become, was they still cared if the checks cleared.

They waited until the dead of night, staking out Dolarhyde’s cliffside hideout for hours, waiting for the perfect moment. “What a beautiful home. Though the bluff will erode as the years pass.” Hannibal notes, watching The Dragon slowly pace in the living room. “It would come at a discount. Homes where people meet their demise typically do.” He quips, smirking devilishly.

Will laughs. “Real estate shopping, now?”

“I’d love your opinion as well. It’s never too early to plan for the future.” Hannibal winks.

Will rolls his eyes, screwing the silencer on his gun as he changes the subject. “He knows we’re here. He knows we’re watching.”

“I know.” Hannibal put down the binoculars, now examining his knives. “It doesn’t change his odds. Or ours.” Hannibal looks to Will and nods slightly, Will nodding back.

“Let’s go.” Will stands from the brush, setting The Dragon immediately in his sights. He pulls the trigger and takes a single shot through the glass, the bullet piercing Dolarhyde’s side. Hannibal chuckles, a headshot would have sufficed, but Will and knew Hannibal knew that would take the fun out of it. They did like to take pleasure in their work after all.

Hannibal strides past Will and towards Dolarhyde, his daggers shining in the moonlight as he steps over the shattered glass, emerging from the darkness. Dolarhyde eyes are locked on Hannibal while holding his side, nose flaring and eyes red with rage. “Hello, Francis.”

Before Hannibal can react, Francis lunges up and knocks Hannibal back through an adjacent window, back outside. Hannibal winces as his body crashes onto the hard pavement, glass shards slicing his back. Will’s mind starts to go hazy as Francis stalks towards Hannibal. He can feel himself beginning to absorb Francis’ beast-like nature, it’s heavy and in-human. It’s brutality with intent. Will’s vision blurs as waves a black wash over him, his eyes blown wide.

Will never thought to mention this particular *consequence* of his ability to Hannibal before that night since it only surfaced occasionally. As a result of his empathy, Will’s mind had the

tendency to become overloaded and overstimulated from all the endorphins and adrenaline coursing through his veins during a kill. This combined with his sensitivity to his target's emotions, specifically their rage, feeds into his inner darkness, letting it take over his mind and body. The more brutal the kill and the more dangerous the target, the more likely it is to emerge. Yet another reason Will preferred to work alone.

The last clear thing he remembers is the gun slipping from his fingers as he runs at Dolarhyde, the rest comes as flashes. Next thing he knows, Will is on Francis' back, ripping flesh from his neck, followed by the vision of blood spraying everywhere. He can still taste the copper on his tongue. Hannibal must have gotten to his feet fairly quickly since he was already at Francis' feet, on his knees with a broken shard of glass in his hand gutting The Dragon. Dolarhyde lies bleeding, as Will sets his sights on Hannibal. He can feel his blood soaked clothes clinging to his skin as Hannibal mutters something, smiling at Will. That smile. Why out of all the detail missing from that night, could he still remember that blood-stained toothy grin….

When his mind clears, he is on top of Hannibal, hips grinding down, wildly riding his cock. Their bodies are covered in blood. Theirs or Francis'? He still wasn't sure and he really didn't care. They must have been there for hours since the sun was just rising over the water.

He remembers everything after that. Clearly. The visions *and* sensations have never left his mind. The feeling of Hannibal's hands on his skin, the sounds of Hannibal groaning beneath him as their bodies move together.

Back in his office, Will's breath is heavy and before he realizes it, his pants are undone and his cock is in his hand. His mind stays with Hannibal on that morning, feeling his fingers digging further into Will's already bruised hips. The blood, once black in the moonlight, turns a beautiful shade of red as the sunlight hits them.

Will's breath and strokes quicken, his office feeling stuffy as he already draws closer to the edge. His most vivid memory is of Hannibal's face. His expression to be exact as he looks back up at Will, watching with wonder, eyes blown wide with lust and hunger, feeding back into Will's own desires. Both men know Will is out of his 'feral' state by this point but neither say a word. Choosing to forgo words and continue giving into each other's bodies till they can't move. The last thing Will recalls is Hannibal's lips as he whispers, "... beautiful."

"F-fuck!" Will groans as his hips snap into his hand, shuddering as he ropes of cum spill over his fingers. He sucks his bottom lip between his teeth, biting as a droplet of blood pools. Will catches his breath, looking down at his hand with a heavy sigh. *'Dammit.'*

Will finishes cleaning himself up and fixes his clothes, his ears perk up at the sound of a commotion coming from the main room. *'What the fuck?'* The noises draw closer, gaining in volume and he can finally make out one of the voices shouting. It's Jimmy. His usually light and bubbly tone, now strained and frightened. *'I am not in the mood for this shit tonight.'* Will's hand slips under his desk, gripping the hidden handgun as the frantic footsteps approach the door. Better safe than sorry is a lesson you only learn once in this business.

Will's relieved when it actually *is* Jimmy who busts through the door, but his face is flushed and his eyes are full of panic. “Will...” he catches his breath, leaning against the door frame. “You better come quick.”

The Mad Dog

Chapter Summary

We venture out of Wolf Trap for some character intros.

Note: this chapter features typical canon physical abuse, it's not too graphic but TW just in case!

Chapter Notes

Hiya!! I AM BACK!

I'm so sorry for the wait but I finally finished my other fic (The Royal Bachelor, if you like HEU nonsense you should read it lol) so this one moves right back up to the top of my list! I've grown more comfortable with longer chapters so I might go back and add some details in the first 3, we'll see haha.

Thanks for sticking with me! <3

Muskrat Farms – 5:27 PM

“Margot, Margot, Margot,” Mason sings, each call of her name striking Margot’s nerves as Mason digs the heel of his foot into his desk, shaking his head in unison. “Are you lonely?”

“I’m not sure what you mean.” Margot replies, her voice low and seemingly bored. Her short words and careful tone had become not just a habit but a means of survival within the Verger Compound. She learned from an early age, too early if you ask most, two important lessons regarding her brother: never be in a room alone with Mason and never take your eyes off him. One could call her cautious, observant, or even guarded.

Anything but bored.

“Come now, Margot,” Mason smiles as he waves his hand, seemingly searching for the words. “Do I not show you enough... *attention* ?”

“’You’re as generous, as always, with your attention.” She shudders, Mason’s lips curling into a smile as he toys with the boar head of his cane. He sets the cane aside, merely for show anyhow after his “accident,” and spins round to face the personal bar behind his desk. Mason hums quietly as he prepares himself a dry martini, the smile still on his face as he turns back

to Margot gently swirling the drink in his hand. He takes a single sip then sets the drink down, seemingly dissatisfied with the taste.

“I’d hate for you to feel neglected, Margot. I worry about you.” Mason continues as he grabs his cane and rises from the desk. “I was Papa’s favorite after all.” Margot stiffens but she doesn’t dare move -or run- like her instincts scream for her to do, it would only prove futile.

Mason’s office is located in the center of the Verger compound, an old slaughter house which their father, Molson Verger, converted into the infamous Muskrat Farms, a sprawling estate he used to run and house the largest crime syndicate in the Northeast. After the attempt on his life, Mason upgraded the floor plan for “security” reasons and now the halls wind and turn like a maze. Yet another twisted game for him to play with his sister, he loves the chase.

So here she remains, in the center of the room, eyes locked on Mason.

He slowly moves across the lavish office, resuming his humming tune from earlier. Margot watches as he begins to circle her, his gaze cold and predatory as he eyes her up and down. Suddenly, the humming stops and before Margot realizes her mistake, she chokes out a cry and falls to her knees as she is struck from behind by Mason’s cane.

The back of her legs sting from the first strike as she is hit again across her back, a small chuckle sounding behind her as she falls forward, catching her just before her chest hits the ground. “Mas-AH!” Mason’s men standing guard outside the doors ignore her cries as usual.

“And here I was being so, how did you put it? Generous. That’s it.” Mason thrusts the cane into the center of Margot’s back, holding her against the cool floor. “You should have taken the chocolate, Margot.” Margot squirms, a soft whimper escaping her lips as Mason digs the cane into her back, her brother relishing her pain. “You’d accept Ms. Blooms chocolate.”

“No,” Margot gasps, her voice shaking as the air leaves her lungs. She had started seeing Alana a little over a year ago. Alana is smart and deadly, everything the Vergers like in a woman but the two made sure to cover their tracks and keep the affair hidden due to Alana’s acquaintances. Alana’s blood-stained past had her partnering with numerous killers under Jack Crawford but the only name on that list that mattered to Mason, and therefore Margot….

Hannibal.

The man who took his father then his face. Mason knew Hannibal was responsible for his father’s death, the hit had been clean and calculated with only one thing out of place: a liver. After spending the following days making sure Margot felt his pain, Mason shifted his efforts towards revenge. Hannibal had killed the only man Mason cared for, so he would do the same and he would make it *hurt* .

It wasn’t hard to get Will alone, he preferred working that way after all but Mason had only just begun when Will’s pack interrupted their “funny times.” Mason still curses himself for merely sedating the beasts.

Mason was certain Will squealed to his boyfriend since the following night Hannibal paid him a visit. Contrary to popular belief, what happened at the Verger compound that night was

no “hit gone wrong”, it was torture gone right. Mason knows he is only alive due to Hannibal’s mercy, or lack thereof, and he soon intends to repay the favor. *Personally.*

“Oh *yes* , Margot!” Mason sings, elated by his sister's reaction. “I’ve known for a while of course, about your button stitching with Ms. Bloom. The walls have ears as they say.” Mason trails his cane slowly down Margot’s back, tracing along her spine and digging it at each little notch.

“I thought it would benefit you to have a pet, everyone needs to relieve a little tension now and then.” Margot shudders as the cane stops at the small of her back. “I know I do.”

“What do you want, Mason?” Margot bites back as she tries to lift herself off the floor only to be met with another strike across her back, this time the fabric catching and ripping under it’s force.

“Your tongue gets rough when you're scared, Margot. Perhaps I should pass that tip on to Ms. Bloom,” Mason quips.

“M-Mason,” Margot groans as Mason leans down and the cane is replaced with his knee.

“What do I want? What do I want?” Mason trills as he shifts more of his body weight onto Margot, his sister’s eyes beginning to water from the pressure. “I want you to be safe, Margot. As I said, I worry about you. You’re gone at strange hours and I hope Ms. Bloom isn’t getting you into anything….dangerous. I hope I haven’t misplaced my trust in you.”

“Y-you…haven’t.” Margot chokes out through labored breaths. Mason smiles and traces a finger along Margot’s braid, her hair styled for her usual afternoon ride.

“I think I need to give you more attention...as we discussed.” Mason slowly twists the braid in his hand, Margot wincing as her hair is pulled tight and her head yanked up from the floor. “I need to make sure you don’t get yourself hurt, Margot. I’d hate for anything to happen to you. Or Ms. Bloom for that matter.”

Margot finally breaks, tears streaming down her cheeks at the mention of her lover’s safety. She had so little in the world, so little that was *truly* hers thanks to her brother, and she had no intention of losing Alana to him as well. Mason grins and digs in his pocket for a small cotton sheet, humming once again as gently collects a mascara-stained tear.

Margot takes a deep breath as Mason releases her from his hold and stands to return to his desk, cotton sheet in hand. She rises to her feet and quickly adjusts her clothes and wipes her eyes to regain what little dignity Mason will allow her.

“You should see if Ms. Bloom can recommend a waterproof mascara.” Mason taunts as he falls into his chair and kicks his feet up. “Could prove useful for you both.”

Margot remains silent, her blood running cold as Mason drops the small tear-soaked cloth into his martini. Mason takes a sip, Margot shivers as he relishes the drink, finally satisfied with it’s taste. Margot slowly backs towards the door, with Mason “happy” it’s her best chance to make an exit.

Mason sets the drink down and smiles, his eyes flicking up to Margot as she quickly slips through the door. “Margot, Margot, Margot.” he whispers to himself as he takes another sip. “What are we going to do about you?”

Mason reaches for his phone and finishes his drink as he waits for the other line to pick up. “I’m sorry for the wait, Sir. I was just finishing up with your-”

“Cordell.” Mason interrupts, uninterested in the man’s excuses. “Get me Ms. Lounds.”

The Deal

Chapter Summary

After a brief stop at Muskrat Farm, we return to Will and the Ravenstag.

Wolf Trap, Virginia –6:38 PM

“What the hell is happening, Jimmy?” Will sighs, running a hand through his hair as he slides the gun in the back of his pants and heads towards the door. “It sounds like a fucking mad house out there. Is it Gideon?”

“It’s The Ripper.”

Will brushes past Jimmy, quickening his pace -though he’d never admit it- and stopping dead in his tracks as he locks onto Hannibal. *‘Fuck.’* Hannibal holds his side, blood streaming from the wound to the floor despite his best efforts as he leans against the wall closest to the lockers. His suit is torn and his hair disheveled, but what strikes Will most are Hannibal’s eyes. The once amber orbs are dark and fierce, like that of a wounded animal, a cornered predator.

Will heads closer, Hannibal’s guard dropping once setting his sights on the younger man emerging from his office. Will’s certain Hannibal says something to him as he quickly closes the distance between them, Will now practically running across the room, but what leaves The Ripper’s mouth renders Will speechless. He’s expecting some excuse or some quip about his injuries, not a relieved sigh with softened eyes and- “Will…”

Will's heart tightens and his breath hitches, his name has never sounded so bittersweet on Hannibal’s lips. He hates it. He hates that he can be undone with a single word from Hannibal's, though it’s not just any word is it? As Hannibal is bleeding out, presumably moments from death, both men knowing any breath could be his last, he chooses to utter Will’s name.

Will isn't ready to think about such an implication, not yet. First, he *needs* to get to Hannibal. “He’s losing too much blood and won’t let me take him into surgery.” Jimmy chimes in, breaking Will from his thoughts as he follows right on Will’s heels. “He keeps saying he only needs to see you.”

“Idiot,” Will huffs under his breath, stopping just inches from Hannibal and taking him by the arm to help him down the medical wing. “Come on,” Will turns to lead the way but Hannibal remains firm against the wall. “Enough games, Hannibal. You need to let Jimmy treat you.”

“We need to talk,” Hannibal pants, holding Will close.

“We’ll talk *after* ,” Will bites back, frustration taking hold though he can’t hide the fear in his voice. “Now move.” Hannibal hums in concession and lifts himself off the wall, supporting himself on Will’s shoulder while the men move as quickly as they are able to the operating room with Jimmy rushing ahead to prep the table.

Will can’t help but notice the severity of Hannibal’s injuries, the slices across Hannibal’s neck and large gash across his hip nothing like his ‘usual’ wounds. “How did you let someone get this close?” Will asks, breaking the silence as he ushers Hannibal through the double doors at the end of the hall.

“Bad intel,” Hannibal laughs, wincing as his broken rib instantly makes him instantly regret it. “Tobias was... stronger than anticipated.” He groans as Will and Jimmy help him onto the operating table, Jimmy venturing off to wash up and grab his equipment.

“It was too close this time.” Will sighs as he helps Jimmy by hooking Hannibal up to the monitors. Will rips Hannibal’s shirt open and places the adhesive pads on Hannibal's chest, but he can’t stop him from looking over the injuries. Hannibal’s body is covered in bruises and his neck features 3 distinct wire marks along with his hand, but the most damning wound is the gouge across his abdomen. *‘Fucking Tobais.’*

“If your head isn’t in it, you need to stop,” Will adds, his tone more curt on the last word. He moves out of Jimmy's way, the medic returning to their side. Jimmy takes Hannibal by the arm and quickly administers the anesthesia, his hands are steady but the man is still clearly unnerved from earlier.

“I’d love to, my dear, but as you know, it runs in the family.” Hannibal winks, his body relaxing as the drugs begin to take hold. Will stays silent, opting not to argue over the pet name right now.

“Did you at least ‘finish the job?”

“If I didn’t know better, Will,” Hannibal smirks as Jimmy slips the oxygen mask over his face, the final preparations done. “I would say you are worried about me.”

“You’re delirious.” Will scoffs as he turns to the doors. “Must be the meds.” Hannibal laughs softly, his eyes slipping closed. Will pauses at the door, but only for a moment, refusing to look back as he takes his leave, the doors swinging closed behind him. He’ll see Hannibal after he pulls through. Not if, when.

“I thought you were dead.”

Will gently shuts the door as Hannibal sits up, the older man resting against the headboard with a grin. Though his tone is short, Will can’t hide the relief on his face as he enters the room. “Don’t you mean ‘worried’, my dear?”

“Tsk.” Will rolls his eyes and grabs a fresh set of bandages from the cabinet before sitting by Hannibal's bedside. “You were gone longer than usual.” Will adds, his eyes meeting

Hannibal's only briefly before slowly undoing Hannibal's dressings.

"You said not to visit unless I was injured."

"And since when do you listen to me?" Will cocks a brow, both men knowing damn well those words would never keep Hannibal away.

"More often than you may like it seems." Will stays quiet, focusing on his task as he wraps up Hannibal's chest and neck. Hannibal's lips begin to curl as Will's fingers linger over his skin, cotton in hand as he moves. "I'm quite pleased to know I was missed." Hannibal adds with a smirk, his chuckle cut short as Will tugs the fresh bandages tighter.

"Heh, you're right. Antony was quite lonely." Will quips as he relaxes back in his chair.

"I'm quite sure." Hannibal laughs as he takes a moment to analyze Will, the younger man *still* avoiding his gaze. A low hum rumbles in Hannibal's chest as he notes a small cut on Will's bottom lip. "What happened to your lip? It looks fresh."

A light blush decorates Will's cheeks as memories of what transpired in his office just hours come flooding back. He quickly clears his throat and crosses his arms over his chest, "Why did you need to speak with me before? What could have been more important than bleeding out in my basement?"

"You."

Will's breath hitches as he finally locks eyes with Hannibal, stunned. *'Is Hannibal in...'*

"Earlier," Hannibal continues, interrupting Will's thought. "You said that if my head was not in 'it', then I should stop and quit this life." Will nods quietly, pleased Hannibal actually listened for once. "Though you may disagree, my head is not the issue."

"Hannibal…"

"I'm afraid it's my heart that is too far gone. Too tied to this world and the people within it." Will's chest tightens, Hannibal's confession striking true and stirring far too many questions within Will. Why hasn't he left? Why keep the Ravenstag? Why continue to play these games? He knows the answer, they both do, but he won't say. *Not yet.*

"Tell me Will, have you had enough time to consider my offer concerning the Vergers?"

"...I have."

"And your answer?"

"It's suicide, Hannibal. Suicide." Will swiftly rises from his seat and begins to pace across the small room, arms still crossed. Hannibal watches silently, noting Will's defensive body language as the younger man moves back and forth. "Mason is too well guarded and, most importantly, too damn crazy. Even with Margot's assistance, infiltrating that compound alone- fuck."

“I understand your concerns. We’ve faced few worse than Mason, but together…” Hannibal pauses and considers his next words carefully, very carefully. He senses Will’s urge to flee from the room, and though Hannibal knows it’s due to the subject and not the company, he is in no shape to make chase just yet. “Will,” Hannibal continues, finding his words. “If we act together we can finally remove Mason from the equation.”

“What equation? What are you even talking about?” Will huffs, combing a hand through his curls as his frustration grows and his pace quickens.

“The equation of *you* and *me* .”

Will stops dead in his tracks, his hands falling to his sides as he spins to face Hannibal. He cocks a brow in disbelief, he’s stunned and speechless. He and Hannibal’s game of cat and mouse began soon after their encounter with the dragon, but they both had always adhered to the one unspoken rule: Don’t get attached.

Is it simple? Yes. Cold? Perhaps. Heartless? Anything but.

Will and Hannibal understand that in this life they cannot afford to get attached. Hannibal expertly skirts the line they have drawn, curious just how far he could push Will. Will, in turn, follows by erecting walls; walls that Hannibal has proved clever enough to crawl over with ease.

“You and me?” Will scoffs, “Has ‘Murder Husbands’ truly gone to your head?” Will defects, the younger man desperate to return to the comfort of their game as they venture into not only unknown territory, but also dangerous. Hannibal’s chuckles, not the reaction Will was expecting. He then raises and offers his hand, silently beckoning Will closer. Before Will knows it, he’s next to Hannibal with blue and amber eyes locked once more.

“Again, my head is not at fault,” Hannibal gently takes Will by the hand. “I’m sure you would agree that this would all be much simpler if it was.”

“Simpler? Quite the understatement,” Will laughs then takes a deep breath, collecting his thoughts. “Fine.”

“Will?”

“I said I’ll join you,” Will averts his gaze as Hannibal smiles, the older man equally pleased and stunned Will agreed but also hadn’t 1. Fled from the room, 2. Stabbed him, or 3. Both. Precedent proves option three was the most likely. “BUT,” Will tugs his hand away and settles back in his chair at Hannibal's bedside. “I have terms."

Hannibal nods and gestures for Will to continue.

“I want to meet Margot, in person. I want to get a read on her, she is a Verger after all.”

“Of course, I’ll make the arrangements as soon as I’m able.”

“And we meet here,” Will adds, “The Ravenstag is the closest thing we’ve got to a neutral zone in this shitty business. You also have to fully heal. No coming back with your little

nicks and scrapes before the meeting just to visit. When I say ‘fully healed’, I fucking mean it.”

“Understood.” Hannibal chuckles, amused he’d been caught. “Anything else, my dear?”

“Besides not calling me that? Yes. We don’t discuss...” Will pauses and sighs heavily, loathing the words about to cross his lips. “We don’t discuss how we... ‘add up’.... until after Mason is taken care of.”

“Deal.”

The Call

Chapter Summary

Hannibal details his and Will's eventual reunion.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SH- I did not realize it had been so long since I updated, the holidays really sucked up the end of the year for me lol Welp I'm back. I kept working on this here and there and now know it's gonna be about 18 chapters. With a sequel series. and a prequel short. I might have gotten out of hand while I was away.... ANYWAY LET'S GET THIS GOING!

Wolf Trap, Virginia –7:27 AM

Will wakes with a groan as the morning sun fills his bedroom, a beam of light passing perfectly between the blinds to strike his eye. Despite his surly mood, he is thankful for these more peaceful mornings and appreciates such luxury. Will turns onto his back with a sigh, his eyes lazily locked to the ceiling as the previous night replays in his mind.

As soon as Will saw Hannibal, the entire night had felt like an out of body experience. A blur. But what bothered him the most was how forthright he had been with The Ripper. This business is built on money and deceit, not emotions and honesty, both of which Will gave into last night. He could blame the hysteria of the situation for getting swept up in the momentum of it all, but after all these years Hannibal is still the only one who could affect him like that. He lies in bed a bit longer, not ready to face Hannibal after last night.

Finally, knowing he can’t avoid the inevitable forever, Will gets out of bed and heads to the bathroom for a shower, carefully stepping over his still slumbering dogs that surround his bed. Though the majority of the Ravenstag Rescue consists of the large underground facility, Will sleeps and spends most of his time in the unassuming two story home above with the dogs not far from his side, his last attempt at a normal life.

He of course outfitted the home with some *modest* security upgrades like bullet proof glass, industrial locks, blast shutters and perimeter sensors. But other than those arguable minor details, his home, his life, and him were completely ‘normal’.

Will finishes his shower and heads to his kitchen with the pack at his heels, a fresh pot of coffee soon brewing as he prepares dog food. He fixes himself a cup and lets his dogs out

into the yard, enjoying the morning air before venturing downstairs. He heads inside, turning down the small hallway to the basement entrance when he hears the click of the lock opening. Will's grip on his mug tightens and his eyes hit the floor as his heart rate increases far too much for his liking at the mere thought of seeing Hannibal so soon. *Too* soon.

"Ah, well hello little Wolf." A voice purrs. Will sighs, releasing a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, and raises his gaze to find Antony exiting the basement. "Antony." Will watches over the rim of his mug as Antony closes the basement door behind him, scoffing at the nickname. "What brings you in?"

"Just needed a quick stitch." Antony smiles, leaning against the wall as Will continues watching from behind his drink. "I had the unfortunate pleasure of being on the wrong end of a blade this evening." Antony's lips curl into a smirk as he notes the Wolf's gaze. He's not looking at Antony, he's looking past the thief, directly at the basement door. "Your eyes are longing."

"What are y–"

"Hoping for the Ripper?" Antony teases, his cheshire grin irking Will almost as much as his words.

"Never." Will answers, his tone cold and unamused as he continues. "But he, much like you, has a habit of showing up at the worst times." Antony laughs, combing a hand through his hair as he lifts himself off the wall. "I'm afraid he left a few hours ago just as I was coming in."

Will remains quiet, cocking a brow as Antony speaks. "Our interaction was brief unfortunately, but he cited being able to rest better at his own home than on 'one of these unpassable prison cots'."

"Such a prick." Will snickers, unable to suppress his laugh. "He has always had a way with words," Antony chuckles, briefly checking his watch. "Ah, alas I'll have to cut this conversation shorter than I'd like. Till next time, Little Wolf." Will rolls his eyes, scoffing once more at the name as he finishes his coffee, Antony taking his leave.

Much like with Hannibal, Will has always had a complicated relationship with Antony. While at first glance the two are far from friends, both sides delight in the banter and exchanges they often share. Will and Antony actually share far more similarities than they would care to admit outside of looks, perhaps that's why the duo and Hannibal get along as well as they do. Sometimes too well when the whiskey flows.

Will shakes the liquor laced memories from his mind and heads back to the kitchen to get rid of his empty mug before returning to the basement. Just as he is about to enter, he reaches in his pocket to find he's forgotten his phone. There is only one place it could be so he heads back upstairs with a groan.

Once he enters the bedroom, Will quickly spots his phone on the bedside table. As Will picks up the phone, he furrows his brow, noting two missed calls with a third incoming as if on cue

from a hidden number. *'Hannibal.'* He answers the phone far quicker than both parties anticipated, the line remaining silent for a moment as each waits for the other to speak.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal takes the lead, his voice practically singing. One would never guess he was on death's door a few hours earlier.

"Hannibal." Will answers, settling on his bed.

"Not a morning person I see." Hannibal quips, his jovial tone undeterred by Will's cold reply. "So cold so early in the morning, darling."

"You could have said goodbye." Will bites back, his tone harsher than intended although accurate.

"After our previous conversation, I was sure you'd avoid me anyhow so I took an early leave so as to not exacerbate the situation."

"I'm surprised you were able to get out of here without Jimmy making a fuss." Will admits, pulling a laugh from Hannibal. "He wasn't pleased, but I had matters to attend to."

"Matters? You were fucking dying la–"

"I made contact with Margot." Hannibal cuts in, the woman's name alone silencing Will's protests. "She has agreed to your terms and had no objections."

" *No* objections?" Will cocks an eyebrow, lying back on the bed against the headboard. "That seems far too accommodating for a Verger." Hannibal chuckles at the comment, both men knowing the twins' reputation.

"I must admit, I was also surprised. Though she did have a concern regarding timing, I assured her we would be ready to act within the upcoming weeks. I'll contact her with further details after I've healed."

"How long will that be?" Will asks before he even realizes the words have left his lips.

"So eager." That damn chuckle sounds in Will's ear again. "I miss you as well, my love."

"Clearly you weren't as close to death as I was led to believe. Next time, I'll fix that."

"Down, boy." Hannibal teases. "Jimmy informed me before my departure that I should expect to be bedridden for four weeks or so. Three if I'm 'good'."

"Are you actually listening to him? Or are you going to be reckless?" Will sighs, briefly rubbing his temple.

"I assure you I'm staying in bed. I'd hate to delay our next meeting after all."

"Of course." Will wishes he could reach through the phone to slap Hannibal's amused grin off his face. "I'm sure you'll find trouble."

“I always find ways to *entertain* myself. Even when alone.” Hannibal purrs, his voice dropping lower. Will curses the blush that creeps across his cheeks as Hannibal continues. “Are you alone, darling?”

“Jimmy’s shift–”

“Will.” Hannibal interrupts, his tone as he says Will’s name going straight to the younger man’s groin. “Are you *alone* ?”

“...Technically.” Will answers tersely earning a chuckle from Hannibal.

“Perfection. What I wish to discuss next requires privacy,” Hannibal continues. “I must admit I haven’t stopped thinking about our rendezvous last night. The last words we shared.”

“Regrettably, me too.” Will admits. “I can’t get you out of my head.”

“So honest when hidden behind the safety of separation.” Hannibal hums, his voice lowering with every word. “Though, your body is also quite honest when–”

“Hannibal.” Will warns, ignoring his dick beginning to stir at Hannibal’s words.

“I love my name on your lips.” Hannibal purrs, beaming as Will plays right into his hands.

“I know what you’re doing.” Hannibal bites his lip as he fights the urge to palm his burgeoning erection.

“And yet you haven’t hung up.” Hannibal smirks.

“I’m waiting for your apology.” Will answers, trying to gain back any sense of control of the conversation.

“Of course. How can I make it up to you, darling?” Hannibal asks with a soft chuckle. “Dinner?”

“Three is a crowd.” Will snickers, the younger man still never partaking in Hannibal’s particular culinary hobby, ‘knowingly’ at least Will reminds himself.

“Heh, I see.” Hannibal laughs. “So a more *intimate* approach is desired.”

“It’s a start.” Will whispers as his hand slides over his abdomen towards his waistband. Will suppresses a groan as he teases a finger along the top of his pantline, does he dare play Hannibal’s game? Hasn’t he been for years? Will’s decision wavers as Hannibal continues on the other end of the line.

“I do aim to please. How can I *please* you, WIll?” Hannibal purrs, his voice firmly deciding for Will as the younger man pops his pants’ button and slips his hand under his boxer band. “Heh,” Will huffs, his breath already heavier. “That’s for you to figure out, Ripper. I’m not going to make it easy for you.”

“You never do, it’s one of your more charming traits. And luckily for us both, I enjoy the challenge.”

“Then please, *Doctor* , proceed.” Will teases, Hannibal suppressing a deep growl on the other line.

“Once we are reunited, with dinner off the table, we’ll skip straight to dessert. Whiskey and homemade chocolate mousse for two.”

“I’ll admit, that actually sounds good.” Will smiles, his eyes slipping closed as he relaxes. “You’re on the right track, what next?"

“Once we’ve had our fill of sweets, we’ll retire to the study with the last of the whiskey and after some *deep* conversation we'll retire to my bedroom where we’ll further *indulge* .” Hannibal’s lips curl around every innuendo as they slip from his lips, Will hanging on every word.

‘Hannibal's bedroom… ’ Will ponders, his surroundings giving way to one of his mind’s creation. He has never visited Hannibal’s home but he’s sure the famed ripper’s decor preference lie somewhere between gothic chic and a literal medieval torture chamber. Will can feel the dark Egyptian cotton sheets surround him, Hannibal covering his body with his own as a fire burns behind them.

“Bold of you to assume I’ll be swayed by a glass of whiskey.” Will pulls the phone away briefly, spitting in his free hand and quickly returning it to his cock with a groan. “Or two.” Will slowly glides his hand along his shaft, his breath hitching as Hannibal continues.

“Oh, it’s not the whiskey that will have your ankles in the air, my boy.”

‘Fuck, that escalated.’ Will groans, the new visual alone making the tip of his cock pearl with precum.

“You’ll moan and writhe as I work you open with my tongue. I’ll take my time, savoring every sweet sound I can pull from your lips.” Hannibal details as Will increases his pace, a soft groan on Hannibal’s end hinting at a similar action. “First, you’ll come from my tongue, then my fingers, and, if you ask nicely, my cock.”

“And if I don’t ‘ask nicely’?” Will groans, thumbing over his slit to pull more precum into his palm, his grip tightening.

“You will.” Hannibal chuckles, the deep vibration sending a shock down Will’s spine. “Once you’re begging, I’ll bend you in half and fuck you into my bed without mercy. My headboard will be a minor casualty as you scream and claw at my back, the only word falling from your mouth being my name as you tremble beneath me.”

“Quite the picture you’ve painted.” Will smirks, biting his lip as he slows his pace, not wanting to finish too quickly. He can’t give Hannibal that satisfaction, not yet. “But inaccurate.”

“Oh?” Hannibal answers, his sultry voice laced with amusement.

“I won’t be beneath you.” Will purrs. “I’m going to straddle you and sink down slowly onto your cock with your hands tied to that headboard of yours, if it’s not destroyed yet that is~ ” Hannibal groans at Will’s words, the vivid visuals too much as Will continues. “I’ll have you begging with each roll of my hips as I ride you until morning.”

“Seems we have a full night ahead of us. I can’t wait to have you in my arms, my dear.”

“Only if you keep your promise.” Will moans, not caring that Hannibal can hear how close he is and he is so *damn* close.

“Come now, Will. I always keep my promises.”

“H-Hannibal, ngh-” Will bites his lip, swallowing a whine as the pressure coils in his abdomen.

“I’m afraid you must have misheard.” Hannibal chuckles. “I said, ‘Come. Now.’”

“F-fuck!” Will cums, Hannibal’s final word sending him over the edge. Hot ropes of cum coat his hand as his hips buck and toes curl, his breath hitching with a broken moan. Will blushes as Hannibal growls on the other line, his breath fast and hard. The two remain silent for a moment as they catch their breath, the two basking in post orgasmic pleasure.

“Goodbye, Hannibal.” Will says softly, breaking the silence.

“Goodbye, my love.”

Before Will is able to argue, Hannibal is gone, their call disconnected. Will hangs up and tosses his phone to the side with a heavy sigh. He glances up to the ceiling, amused by the fact that he’s spent the majority of his morning staring at the same off-white plaster.

Will cleans himself up, finally making his way down to the basement where Jimmy meets him with concern. “Are you okay, Will? You’re never in bed this late.”

“Just a long morning. Thanks, Jimmy.” Will smiles, though frantic Jimmy always had a heart of gold. A rarity in this business. “I’ll be in the office catching up on a couple things, come see me before you leave. I’d like a recap of the Ripper’s discharge this morning.”

“Aye, aye, captain!” Jimmy beams, returning to his rounds with a spirited salute. Will chuckles softly to himself, soon settling in his office chair. Will begins his tasks for the day, Hannibal’s words sticking with him.

‘...the safety of separation.’

All Will can do is laugh and with the growing ache in his chest, he wonders if either man could truly survive separation.

Muskrat Farms – 9:30 AM

Margot rests back against the headboard, stretching with a soft smile as Alana settles on her shoulder. Margot's gaze travels up Alana's nude form, their previous activity only a precursor if she has any say. Her smile fades as she locks eyes with her lover. "What is it?"

"Something's bothering you." Alana answers as she lazily draws circles on Margot's arm. "Your head was… elsewhere." Margot reaches for her nightstand and lights a cigarette, offering it to Alana with a sigh as she exhales a smoke cloud above them.

"I believe my head was in all the right places moments ago."

"You're deflecting." Alana takes a drag from Margot's fingers before resting back at her side.

"And your psychoanalyzing." Margot retorts.

"Sorry, old habits die hard." Alana smirks, "...like deflecting~"

"Point taken," Margot smiles, her guard lowering as she puts out the cigarette. "It's happening soon. Very soon." Alana sits up in bed, her eyes filled with worry. "I thought we had a few more months to prepare?"

"Months are a luxury we can't afford at this point. Mason is growing suspicious and he was already paranoid to begin with."

"It's careless to rush this," Alana counters, her voice rising. "Even more so to involve *those* two."

"They are the best chance we've got." Margot gently places a hand on Alana's thigh to help calm her lover. "You know we need them." Alana's eyes hit the bed, her hair covering her face as she turns away. "I don't trust them. I've seen what they can do."

"You don't have to trust them," Margot brushes the hair from Alana's eyes and softly strokes her cheek, the two locking eyes. "You just have to trust me." Alana nods, her eyes glistening as she fights back tears. "And if they mess this up?"

"That isn't an option." Margot whispers, pulling Alana close. "For anyone."

The Intruder

Chapter Summary

Will deals with an uninvited guest.

Chapter Notes

I tried to finish this before my honeymoon but failed, so I finished it as soon as I got back! It's short and sweet but smutty lol, more plot in the next one if that's your thing ;)

Wolf Trap, Virginia –12:31 AM

Three weeks pass surprisingly quickly with The Ravenstag seeing a larger number of residents pass through its doors than usual. Will keeps himself busy with Antony, Matthew, and even Randal frequenting his doorstop, each mumbling about some tournament or trial at the Verger Estate. The poor souls come to him beaten and bruised, looking no less than tortured. *'Another sick game by Mason, no doubt.'* Will scoffs, upset that his colleagues would entertain a madman like Mason. *'No wonder Margot is in a hurry, her brother is losing what little is left of his mind.'*

Will sets his glass down, shaking Mason from his mind as he pets Winston, sending the hound off to bed with the others. As long as Mason stays on that farm, Will doesn't intend to pay him any thought more than necessary until it's time. He heads for the whiskey cabinet to top his drink off before heading to bed, glancing towards the clock with a laugh noting his 'early' night.

He sets the whiskey bottle aside on the kitchen counter, stilling as a soft rustling sounds from the window behind him. Will calmly straightens, feigning a stretch as he watches the window in his peripheral, no need to jump to conclusions just yet as he moves towards the dog treat jar on the edge of the counter.

It could be wind, a storm had been brewing all afternoon after all. Or perhaps another injured soul seeking refuge. Will sorts through a number of possibilities as he reaches inside the ceramic jar and pulls out a hidden revolver, casually checking the ammo before cocking the hammer. Be it the wind or an animal, friend or foe, those with honest intentions *don't* hide.

The pack senses Will's defensive demeanor, the dogs rising from their rest to join his side. "Guard." Will commands with his pistol in hand, his eyes locked on the window where he last heard the noise as he makes his way to the light switch. Winston and Buster stick by

Will, the others forming a semi-circle around their alpha. Will steps back, his hand on the switch as the rustling moves from the left of the house to the right, the pack's ears upright and locked on to their target.

Will dims the lights, his eyes slowly adjusting to the low light as the wolves begin to growl at his feet. “Guard.” Will instructs once more, not wanting anyone or anything to act prematurely. As soon as Will believes he lost them, a shrouded figure stalks across the window to his right towards the front of the house, then once again silence.

‘They’re toying with me.’ Will tenses as he realizes even in his own home surrounded by his pack, he is the prey. Will knows he’s at a disadvantage with so many open windows on the first floor, if he can just make it upstairs he’d have the higher ground and most importantly a larger gun at his disposal.

He moves quietly to his left, his body still pressed back against the wall with his finger on the trigger as he moves towards the stairs. Just as Will rounds the corner -BANG- he whips his head to the side as a loud thud sounds from the back room. “No-” Will begins to shout as his pack darts towards the noise, but as the floor creaks behind him, he knows it’s too late.

An arm snakes around Will’s waist and holds him flush against the intruder’s chest, their other hand clamping over his mouth. Will swiftly swings his gun up towards his head, tucking the barrel snuggly under the interduder’s chin as a familiar chuckle hits in his ear. The wolves hurry back to their master’s side, growling and baring their teeth as they close in. Will raises his free hand, silently halting the dogs in their tracks as the arm around him tightens.

“Call them off, *darling* .”

“Heel.” Will bites through his teeth from behind a five finger grip. The pack back down, following the wave of Will’s hand to return to their beds yet the hold on his waist remains firm. Will presses the gun further, a warning, as the hand slides lower on his hips. “You should be resting.”

“And you should be more careful.” Hannibal hums, undeniably delighted in his games. “Someone dangerous could be lurking at such a late hour.”

“Other than you?” Will scoffs, lowering his gun. Will runs a hand along Hannibal’s arm, noting some bandages still present under shirt. “You said four weeks.”

“Three if I was good, and I must admit I was excellent.” Hannibal smirks, nuzzling into Will’s neck. “Our weekly ‘check-ins’ proved to be the most effective medicine.”

“Shut up.” Will blushes lightly, the darkness unable to hide his rose tinted ears from Hannibal. “Now, why are you here?”

“To see Jimmy or Brian, or more preferably Bev, and have them approve my clean bill of health so we can begin.”

“A rubber stamp, I see.” Will spins in Hannibal’s embrace, the older man’s hands now resting on Will’s hips. “Why not use the front door like a normal person?” Will asks, Hannibal’s fangs gleaming in the moonlight as he smirks in response. “We are far from ‘normal’, are we not?”

“Can you ever just answer the question?” Will rolls his eyes.

“Where is the fun in that, my love?” Hannibal jests, his jovial tone met with silence as Will quietly awaits the answer to his first question. “Someone was leaving just as I arrived. They didn’t seem like your usual clientele so I used the back entrance to be safe.”

“Tsk-” Will clicks, annoyed Hannibal was able to pick his locks with ease. He’ll have to upgrade them. Again.

“You didn’t follow to see who it was?” Will taunts, bringing the gun back up to Hannibal’s lips. “How unlike you. Is the Ripper losing his touch?”

“I’m afraid there are more important matters,” Hannibal smirks, his tongue flicking over the barrel of the gun as it rests on his lower lip sending a shiver down Will’s spine, “that require my touch.”

“Should I be honored or frightened that I seem to be the only thing on your mind as of late?”

“Is it too much to ask for *both* ?” Hannibal hums as he pushes the gun aside, capturing Will in a kiss. Will keeps his finger on the trigger, holding onto the last ounce of control he has as he melts against Hannibal’s lips. “Greedy as always,” Will whispers as Hannibal kisses along his jaw, gently swapping their positions and pinning Will with his back to the wall.

“I prefer *‘insatiable’* .” Hannibal purrs, nipping Will’s ear before returning his attention to the younger man’s neck. Will rolls his head to the side with a sigh, Hannibal’s lips lighting his skin on fire. It had only been three weeks since he had seen the man, even less time since he heard his voice, yet having Hannibal in front of him right now soothes an ache deep within Will he tries too hard to ignore.

“Hannibal,” Will pants, biting his lip as Hannibal nips down his chest. Will groans as Hannibal’s long fingers toy along his collarbone and reach for the top button only to be met with a revolver pointed at his wrist. “Nuh-uh,” Will warns, amused as he watches Hannibal’, his breath growing heavy with anticipation. “You promised your tongue, didn’t you?” Will teases, Hannibal nodding in return and dropping to his knees with a devilish grin, his gaze locked on Will.

“Indeed I did.” Hannibal utters, his deep voice barely above a whisper. He pushes Will’s coat aside, teasing a finger along Will’s waistband before unbuckling his slacks. Hannibal traces a finger over Will’s burgeoning erection, a small circle of precum darkening the fabric it strains against. “Miss me~?”

“Never,” Will smirks, Hannibal chuckling at his stubbornness as Will brings the revolver to Hannibal’s pursed lips. “Though,” Will continues as he teases the cold metal of the gun along

Hannibal's upper then lower lip, Hannibal groaning softly as they're parted. "I'd be lying if I said I didn't miss these."

Hannibal's lips curl, his eyes darkening as he kisses the barrel. "Then allow me to put them to use, my love." Hannibal purrs as he releases Will's cock from its cotton prison and takes it into his hands. He licks his lips as Will groans softly above him, leaning into Hannibal's touch.

Will moans as Hannibal kisses his tip, sucking the head lightly and teasing his tongue over Will's slit before taking Will further into his mouth. "Fuck," Will curses as Hannibal licks along the shaft, savoring every inch of Will. As much as the pair enjoyed their frequent calls over the past few weeks, a hand and voices over the phone could never feel like this.

Will fully hardens against Hannibal's tongue, the younger man shivering as he watches Hannibal's lips form around his cock. Hannibal hollows his cheeks and opens his throat, precum decorating the back of his tongue as Will bucks his hips, seeking more of Hannibal's warmth as he bottoms out. The gun falls to the floor, luckily not firing, as Will tangles his hands in Hannibal's ashy blonde locks.

Will releases a guttural groan as he he fucks into Hannibal's throat, Hannibal stilling Will's hips with a firm grip to the wall. "D-don't stop," Will whimpers, Hannibal's bruising grip only edging him closer. Hannibal's tongue swirls around Will's tip, his head bobbing painfully slow for Will's liking as he's held in place."Hannibal!" Will calls, no cries, his fingers twisting in Hannibal's hair.

Hannibal takes Will deep into his throat once more, moaning lowly and sending vibrations down Will's cock. A wave of pleasure courses through Will's body as he cums, spilling down Hannibal's throat with a broken gasp as he tosses his head back, his eyes cinched shut and back arched off the wall.

Hannibal practically purrs as he swallows, Will mewling above him as Hannibal's tongue savors every bit he has to offer, his eager tongue soon licking Will clean. Will opens his eyes as he catches his breath and watches Hannibal rise to his feet through low lashes. Hannibal licks his lips clean, politely wiping them with a handkerchief before tucking the fabric back in his chest pocket.

'Prick.' Will laughs to himself, straightening up his own appearance when Hannibal slips an arm around him. "What are you-?!" Will gasps as Hannibal throws him over his shoulder with ease, Will struggling to no avail. "Hannibal!"

"Now, if you'll indulge me, my dear Will," Hannibal smiles, chuckling as he heads towards the stairs to the home's upper level. "I plan to keep on *all* my promises."

The Morning After

Chapter Summary

Will deals with *another* uninvited guest.

Chapter Notes

Hai, I'm back >/////<

Wolf Trap, Virginia –7:32 AM

The following morning begins like any other as the sunrises over Virginia, Will waking with the usual groan and stretch but stilling from the warmth at his back. *'That's new…'* Will notes, startled though not surprised. He turns slowly, careful not to wake his guest as he studies the nude man behind him. Will blushes lightly at the site, not used to seeing Hannibal in such a state as Hannibal's tousled ash brown hair and bite-ridden broad bandaged shoulders bringing back memories from the previous night.

Hannibal wasted no time, having Will stripped before he even hit the bed. And just as Will anticipated, Hannibal was true to his word. First, he worked Will open with his skillful tongue until he spilled over his sheets with a filthy whine, back arched with his chest pressed against the bed. It wasn't long until Will was coming again, this time Hannibal's fingers alone left him panting and writhing on his back.

"Shall we move to the next course?" Hannibal teased as his tongue trailed across Will's skin, the older man licking Will's release from his abdomen. Will can still remember the sensation clearly, Hannibal's tongue warm and surprisingly rough. Hannibal continued fingering Will, relishing each strained moan he pulled from the younger man.

"Yes, ngh- fuck." Will gasped, his cock stirring alive once more as his hips rocked to meet Hannibal's fingers. Hannibal hummed as he removed his digits slowly, curling each one by one against Will's over stimulated prostate. "Hannibal-"

"Ask nicely." Hannibal purred, a simple reminder of his terms per their previous conversation. Will stubbornly gritted his teeth as he stared at the man above him for a moment considering his options. Will's mouth twisted into a devious smirk as he hooked his arms under his knees and spread his legs wide, a low growl rumbling within Hannibal's chest. "Pretty please~"

The remainder of the night was a blur with the men's resilient resolve gone, the two indulging in one another until the early hours of the morning. Will's attention returns to the present as he glances up towards his headboard and chuckles to himself softly. Despite Hannibal's best efforts, the wooden frame had survived the night. *'Surprisingly sturdy,'* Will laughs as he turns to lie on his back, another low groan sounding as a dull pain radiates from his lower body. *'Unlike my hips, fuck.'*

As Will settles on his back, an arm appears from beneath the sheets and slips around his waist, breaking the younger man out of his thoughts and tugging him closer against a broad chest. "Good morning, Will." Hannibal greets his lover with a smile, his voice low and rough, still heavy with sleep, and his disheveled hair fallen across his forehead.

Will can't fight the faint blush returning to his cheeks, not sure if he'll get accustomed to the unfamiliar sight and situation. Hannibal has spent numerous nights at The Ravenstag of course, but never above ground in Will's bed. Will had always kept his personal and professional life separate, no matter how slight the former was, but Hannibal expertly blurred that boundary long ago.

"How did you sleep, darling?" Hannibal asks as he gently plants a kiss atop Will's curls and holds Will against his chest. Will stilling in Hannibal's embrace, the question catching him more off-guard than either anticipated. He had slept well, too well. Will barely sleeps and dreams even less, more susceptible to nightmares anyhow, but tonight his mind was truly quiet for the first time in years.

"Don't call me, 'darling'." Will quips, blushing as he breaks away from Hannibal's hold to stand at the edge of the bed, the scene growing too domestic too quickly for his comfort. "As you wish, my love," Hannibal laughs and combs a hand through his hair as he sits up, his gaze following Will as he steps over their discarded clothing from the previous night and makes his way towards the bathroom. Will turns on the water, briefly examining the marks decorating his body in the mirror before Hannibal catches his attention at the door.

"May I join you?" Hannibal asks, casually leans against the doorframe with his impressive form on full display as Will eyes shamelessly trail down his body. Hannibal's bandages are casualties of the previous night, but it appears they serve little use, his wounds practically healed. Will's eyes flick back up to meet Hannibal's, the older man sporting a smug smirk as Will nods.

Will enters first and makes room for Hannibal, it's cramped but doable as the water rains down above them. Will sighs contently, the hot water instantly soothing his aching muscles. Will grabs the soap and passes it to Hannibal, the two washing up as smoothly as possible without colliding into one another, occasional grazes and bumps impossible to avoid.

Will stretches behind himself, groaning in frustration as he struggles to reach. "Allow me," Hannibal offers, spinning Will to face the wall, body wash already in hand. Will concedes without protest and braces himself against the wall, keening as Hannibal squeezes a sizable dollop into his hands and begins washing Will. Hannibal hands firmly knead and massages over Will's shoulders, Will's eyes slipping closed as Hannibal works.

Hannibal's hands trail lower and lower and trace along Will's spine as he silently observes, no, admires the marks on Will's nape and hips. *His* marks. While Will's stubbornness and barriers keep Hannibal at arm's length by Will's own design, Hannibal never frets for he's certain no other can or will mark the "Lone Wolf" in such a way. His hands continue further, Will's breath hitching and his eyes snapping open as Hannibal teases a finger between his cheeks and over his sore rim.

"H-Hannibal!"

"Relax, my dear. I must ensure I did you no harm last night." Hannibal purrs against Will's ear, the younger man shivering as he supports himself against the cool tile. "Ngh-" Will groans as Hannibal presses further, his finger gently slipping past Will's tight ring with ease as Will's breath quickens. "Did you not get your fill last night?"

"Of you? Never." Hannibal noses at Will's curls, his digit venturing further with a chuckle. Will sighs in defeat as he arches his back, both men certain any denial is futile. "You silver-tongued devil…"

"The devil you know. The devil you *know* ~" Hannibal purrs as he removes his finger and nocks Will's legs further apart with his knee, Will gasping as he steadies himself. Will glances back over his shoulder and bites his lip, Hannibal's amber eyes devouring him as The Ripper positions himself, the head of Hannibal's cock alone pulling another moan from Will.

Will groans as Hannibal slips inside, the older man entering him slowly. Hannibal thrusts his hips forward, soon increasing his pace as Will clamors to hold onto anything within his grasp. Hannibal reaches around and strokes Will's leaking cock, neither lasting long as Will cums with a cry spilling across the wall and Hannibal's hand. Hannibal pulls out quickly with a groan, Will's mewling as Hannibal cums over his back and ass.

As the two catch their breaths, Hannibal leans forward resting his head in the crook of Will's neck with a soft sigh. "I fear… I may truly grow addicted to you," Hannibal whispers into Will's curls, Will turning back to face the older man with a light blush he'll blame on the heat of the shower.

"Has your devotion led to obsession?" Will replies with an amused laugh, his breath hitching as Hannibal takes him by the chin and softly whispers against his lips. "Devotion has led to full consumption."

After properly showering, Will and Hannibal get dressed, Will in a fresh outfit while Hannibal dawns his previous attire, and make their way downstairs. As Will hits the bottom step a voice calls from down the hall at the entrance to the home's basement. "Good morning~" Antony practically purrs, his voice far too jovial for Will's tastes. "Late night, my dear Wolf??" Antony asks, keenly noting Will's subtle limp.

Just as Will opens his mouth to respond, Hannibal appears behind him, hair wet much like Will's own damp curls. "Oh," Antony smirks, "An early morning I see."

“Antony.” Hannibal grins, settling behind Will at the base of the stairs.

“Have you two become ‘partners’ once more?” Antony continues, his amusement increasing by the moment.

“Our professional relationship still remains at a close I’m afraid,” Hannibal adds.

“And your personal?” Antony chimes without missing a beat, too sharp for his own good when it comes to Hannibal’s purposeful wordplay. Will rolls his eyes as Hannibal skirts his way past the other men and the question, making his way towards the basement door. “My apologies, I must catch Ms. Katz before her shift ends.

“Zeller arrived early. You’d better hurry.” Antony notes as Hannibal exits with a nod and continues downstairs. “Still not a morning person, I see.” Antony laughs, returning his attention to Will as the younger man releases a grumpy yawn.

“Nothing a cup of coffee can’t fix.” Will crosses his arms, gesturing for Antony to follow him to the front of the house to continue their talk. Will makes his way to the kitchenette with Antony close behind, the older man swinging to the other side of the counter as Will begins to prepare coffee grounds.

“You’re here so often, I’m about to charge rent. What the hell are y’all up to?” Will asks, Antony still at his back while he prepares the water.

“I’m sure you’ve heard whispers of what's happening at the estate.” Antony answers, his eyes glued to Will as he fidgets with the machine before turning to face his patron. “A few.” Will admits, both men knew gossip often traveled faster than bullets around here, though which did more damage was debatable. “What else can you tell me?”

“Well, I can proudly admit I was a finalist in Mason’s little tournament. That is until yesterday when my streak was cut short.” Antony recalls, smirking as Will’s wheels appear to turn before him. “Why so interested, entering as an underdog?” Antony laughs as Will's dagger-like glare reminds the suave thief to watch his step. “Rumor is he is looking for a ‘champion’ but no one is certain what for. But the pay is good, well, if one survives of course.”

‘Is he just losing it or...’ Will thinks, his eyes falling to the floor as he takes a moment to consider Antony’s words. “Who beat you?” Will asks as his gaze meets Antony’s once more, the coffee now brewing to a bubble behind him.

“Matthew, regrettably. Brawn over brain, I suppose.” Antony gibes, clearly more sour than he’d like Will to know. “And before you ask, no, I don’t know who he faced in the finals. I was already on my way here to see you.” Will rolls his eyes with a laugh as Antony winks. He pushes himself off the counter, grabbing two mugs from the drying rack. “Let me know if you hear anything else, okay?”

“I’d assume this would be good for business.”

“Mason isn’t good, period.”

“For an old friend, I shall keep my ears open.” Antony smiles, pushing back from the counter and adjusting his coat, still stained with blood. “I must be off, but give my best to Hannibal, Little Wolf.” Antony winks and excuses himself out the front door. Will watches as Antony disappears out of sight and soon out of mind, though the sound of Hannibal’s name so casually on his lips lingers in Will’s ears. Antony had always acted casually with Hannibal and Will, so why now? *‘Full consumption…’* Will recalls Hannibal’s words from earlier that morning, a gentle nudge of a snout soon pulling him from his thoughts.

Will looks down and smiles, petting each of the dogs circling at his feet. “Good morning boys, heh let’s go.” Will leaves the caffeine for now and heads to the front door, his pack piling out as soon as he opens the door. He stands on the porch surveying the surrounding fields, wet with early morning dew and an energizing scent only the outdoors can grant.

Will’s eyes slip closed as he inhales and relaxes, though the reprieve is temporary as approaching footsteps catch his attention, soon the distinct sound of high heels hitting the wooden porch. *‘Ugh, Not today.’* Will sighs deeply, as if any day would welcome a visit from the ginger menace.

“Mr. Graham, good morning.”

“Freddie.” Will grits, his displeasure as palpable. Freddie Lounds liked to call herself a private detective, but she was no more than an informant for hire, selling out anyone and anything for the highest bidder. Her ethics, or lack thereof, made her not only disliked, but dangerous. “Not hiding under the cover of night now?”

“I’m not sure what you mean.” Freddie smirks as she cocks her head. “Why hide when I have what I need?”

“If you’ve got what you need, leave.” Will bites, turning to head back inside with a whistle for his pack.

“Now now,” Freddie continues, stopping Will in his tracks. “I didn’t say I have *everything* I need, now did I.” Freddie swiftly crosses the porch and settles in the small rocker. Freddie’s eyes remain locked on Will as she crosses her legs and gets comfortable. Far too comfortable for Will’s liking.

“I can't imagine what you need from me, Freddie.”

“Not just you.” Freddie hums, relishing how Will’s brow furrows and his eyes narrow at the implication hidden in her words. “I hear The Ripper has been coming around quite frequently lately. Interesting isn’t it?”

“Clearly you need to do your homework, he’s a patron. He gets injured, he comes here. Like a dozen others.” Will glares, Freddie’s games proving as annoying as ever.

“Do a dozen others have a past relationship with you like The Ripper? No judgment if so, just doing my ‘homework’.” Freddie asks without missing a beat.

“Freddie.” Will growls.

“I didn’t think so.” Freddie asserts as she stands from the chair and brushes the wrinkles from her skirt, stepping closer to Will still at the door. “My client would be very interested to know that you and The Ripper are working together again given your history.”

‘Mine and Hannibal's or her client and me?’ Will notes, treading even more carefully now. “We aren’t working together.” Will maintains, unintimidated by the smaller women, her bark is always worse than her bite.

“Oh, so it’s all pleasure and no business then. Can’t say I blame you.”

“Enough bullshit, Freddie. What do you really want and who are you working for?” Will demands, his lips curling to bare his canines. Freddie takes a small step back but remains strong, smirking and seeing how far she can push Will though Unlike her, his bite is much worse than his bark.

“Can’t break the confidentiality my clients pay for, now can I?”

“Careful,” Will steps closer, backing Freddie up against the railing, the two only inches apart as Will glares down at the ginger haired menace. “It's not very smart to piss off a guy who kills people for a living.”

“I thought you were retired.” Freddie retorts. “Now, would you like that threat on or off the record?”

“Goodbye, Freddie.” Will whistles once more, the high frequency making Freddie’s ears ring as the dogs return to Will. He turns from Freddie without another word and steps inside, the dogs rushing past him before he slams the door shut. “Some guard dogs you are.” Will laughs as he pets Buster, the others heading to their water bowls. “I guess you know she isn’t a *real* threat.”

Will heads back to the kitchen and preps the pack’s food, then fixes two cups of coffee. Just as he finishes, Hannibal returns from the basement followed by Bev.

“Where’s mine?” Bev teases as Will sips from his mug, another next to him on the counter. Hannibal settles next to Will against the counter and grabs the remaining coffee, Bev laughing at the surprisingly domestic scene ”Guess, I’ll get my own.”

“How is he?” Will asks as if Hannibal was inches from him, knowing the older man tends to bend the truth.

“I don't believe it, honestly, but he’s as fit as a fiddle sans a few scars.” Bev admits as she digs her phone out of her pocket. “However you did it, bottle it and sell it.” she laughs, adjusting the bag on her shoulder. “Anyway, I’m out of here, see you later.” Bev smiles and takes her leave, rushing out the door without another word.

“She was in a hurry.” Will cocks a brow, sipping his coffee.

“I believe she mentioned she was meeting someone.” Hannibal answers, stomaching the instant coffee he was provided. Will exhales audibly, setting his coffee aside before rubbing

the bridge of his nose, his mind clearly racing. “Speaking of meetings, did something happen with Antony in my absence?” Hannibal asks, concerned as he sets his coffee next to Will’s and steps in front of Will and takes the younger man by the hips.

“Heh,” Will grins, gently resting his head against Hannibal’s chest. “Antony was the same as always, but he isn’t the issue. Freddie crawled out whatever rock she was under to pay me a visit.”

“Not a pleasant way to start the morning.”

“Precisely.” Will groans, straightening back up. “Also, she was asking about you and me.”

“Ah, already the talk of the town it seems and I haven’t even treated you to dinner yet.” Hannibal chuckles.

“Funny.” Will smiles, grabbing his coffee and taking a long sip before continuing. Hannibal does the same, sensing they will both need the energy for the impending conversation. “Normally, I’d pay her no mind but it seems her ‘client’ is actually the one interested in us.”

“Mason.” Hannibal concludes, Will nodding in agreement. “My thoughts exactly. I don't know how exactly, but this and Mason’s tournament have to be connected.”

“I assume you assured her that our partnership has come to an end?”

“And she got other ideas in true ‘Freddie Fashion’.”

“Perhaps…” Hannibal smirks, hooking his finger’s through Will’s belt loops and tugging his hips forward. “It is in our best interest to have her believe that our visits leave no time to talk business~”

“She’s long gone," Will groans as Hannibal kisses along his jaw and presses the younger man up against the counter. “Can we take that chance?” Hannibal teases, nipping Will’s ear. Suddenly, the front door swings open with a bang, both men stilling and facing the door as Will reaches for a knife. Given how this day was going, Will isn’t taking any chances.

“Mr. Graham,” a soft voice groans as a body stumbles past the door frame, bloody and bruised almost beyond recognition.

“Matthew-” Will gasps. He’s seen worse but he’s surprised Matthew was able to make it here on his own in such a condition. Will nudges past Hannibal and goes to Matthew’s side. Matthew and Hannibal share a passing glare as Will slips an arm around Matthew to help steady him. Matthew has always been fond of Will going as far as to choose an animal centric moniker, The Hawk.

Hannibal heads towards the door as Will helps Matthew to the basement, pausing midway down the hall before looking back. “Hannibal,” Will calls, he and Hannibal sharing one last look. “Make the call.

The Hawk

Chapter Summary

The Wolf meets an heiress and a Hawk takes flight.

Wolf Trap, Virginia –9:40 AM

"You really did a number on yourself." Will scolds Matthew as he helps lie the younger man down onto the operating table, Zeller scrambling at their side to prepare the room. "I didn't exactly do this to myself." Matthew groans, his head falling back on the table as Zeller takes his arm and injects him with a powerful anesthetic.

"There aren't a lot of lacerations, but they are deep. I need to move quickly to stop the bleeding." Zeller notes as he masks up. "I'll get out of your hair. Tell him to come see me when he wakes up." Will gestures to Matthew, the hitman now unconscious between them. "If he doesn't bleed out on my table, sure."

Will takes his leave and pauses outside the door with a yawn, the lack of coffee now catching up with him so he returns to the kitchen. As he makes his way through the underground passage back to the stairs, he can't help but ponder who did such a thing to Matthew. *'It has to be that same tournament Antony mentioned, but who or what could do that Matthew? It's almost inhuman…'*

Will's thoughts trail off as he reaches the top step, his attention caught by a small piece of crumpled paper next to his drink on the corner of his kitchen counter. Will picks up his mug and has a brief sip of his now disappointingly room temperature coffee before inspecting the object. *'I swear to god, this better not say Hannibal drugged my drink for fun.'*

Instantly he notices the paper is not crumpled, but folded into a small anatomically-correct origami heart. *'This is…surprisingly cute?'* Will snorts as he gently toys with the heart before placing it in his pocket heading back downstairs with a soft smile.

Will files through the Ravenstag's recent roster of patients looking for any hint of who could be Mason's champion. This mysterious competitor has been wiping through Will's clientele and he'd like to know just who or what they are up against. Will mindlessly digits with the origami heart between his fingers as he scrolls, a knock at the door stirring him from his trance.

"Come in." Will calls as he places the heart aside and rubs his face, his eyes stinging from staring at the screen too long. The door clicks open and slowly opens to reveal Matthew, the

man has seen better days but at least he's no longer knocking at death's door. Will gestures for him to take a seat as the younger man limps inside and shuts the door behind him. "Should you be out of bed so soon? I'm sore just looking at you."

"You wanted to see me, so I'm at your service." Matthew smiles weakly as he settles into the seat across from Will. "What can I do for you Mr. Graham?"

"Just 'Will'. Please." Will notes, knowing it will fall on deaf ears. Matthew will not only continue to call him 'Mr. Graham' but also put Will's needs before his own. Does Will take advantage of Matthew's favor? Of course, though he tries not to abuse it. He'd be a fool not to use such a valuable asset in this business where any advantage is valuable, even if it's just a younger man's fancy.

"Since you're here," Will continues, Matthew's eyes locked on him. "I wanted to ask about who did this to you."

"I'm not sure exactly." Matthew answers blankly, wincing as he adjusts in the chair. "The fighting style was familiar but I didn't see their face. They wore a mask the entire time, even as I was carted off they stood there panting like an animal. They were going to kill me and I'm surprised they didn't."

"They just *stopped* ?"

"No, he couldn't. Mason intervened." Matthew pauses just for a moment, his thoughts drifting back to that moment. "I'm still not sure why. I wouldn't be the first to die in a match."

"You weren't meant to be the last. He's making sure the board is perfectly set for his next play..." Will answers somberly as he sits back in his chair. "I wouldn't try to make sense out of Mason's reasoning, it will drive you insane." Matthew agrees quietly with a nod, he knows Will is right.

"What kind of mask did they wear?"

"Some kind of skull... It was definitely a big animal, a mammal. I wish I knew which but I'm more versed in the avian variety." Matthew recalls, hopeful Will finds any of the information useful. *'There aren't many who are still active, hell or even still alive that would go through the theatrics of adapting their moniker to a full physical persona…'* Will gets lost in thought for a moment, narrowing down the possible candidates.

"Does that help?"

"It does, thank you. Now, let's get you back to your room before Zeller yells at both of us." Will smiles, Matthew returning the gesture. Will stands and stretches, as he moves to the other side of his desk to help Matthew out of his chair. Matthew watches the older man, his smile quickly fading as his eyes lock on a kiss mark just beneath Will's collar. His blood begins to boil, not only did Hannibal dare touch Will, but now he *marked* him.

“He doesn’t *deserve* you.” Matthew growls, his voice nearly inaudible through his gritted teeth.

“Huh? Mathew? Hello?” Will snaps his fingers breaking Matthew from his daze, the empath sensing his displeasure. Matthew looks up at Will, arm still outstretched to assist him out of his chair. Matthew’s furrowed brow softens at the site, once again Will is at his side with an all too literal helping hand. Will and the Ravenstag have saved his life more than once, he owes the man before him everything and he can’t let The Ripper get in the way.

“Sorry Mr. Graham, what were you saying?” Matthew asks as he takes Will’s hand and stands.

“I was- ah, one second.” Will's phone begins vibrating on the desk, the two men glancing to see [PRIVATE NUMBER] light up across the screen. “I need to take this, can you make it to your room on your own?”

“I can manage.” Matthew heads for the door with a groan, Will helping him through the threshold before closing the door. Will grabs his phone and answers with a sigh. “Are we all set?”

“Hello to you too, my love.”

“Hannibal, please.” Will grumbles, a light blush dusting his cheeks.

“It’s far too early for you to sound this stressed, shall I help you relax when I return?” Hannibal purrs, his devious smirk clear within his voice.

“And when will that be?” Will asks, attempting to keep the conversation on track.

“Today.”

“Today? You’ve already spoken to Margot?”

“Yes, and she wants to act with the utmost urgency, hence our prompt arrival. I hope that is not an issue.”

“No,no, it’s fine. Better to get it over with anyway.” Will assures Hannibal. “ But tell her to come through the back entrance, we can use my office in the lower level. Away from the windows”

“Perfect. I shall message you again before we arrive.”

“You’re arriving *together* ?” Will cocks an eyebrow, the notion leaving him rather annoyed.

“Indeed. I’m providing her with discreet transportation since her brother bugs and tracks her otherwise.” Hannibal explains, the olde rman clearly delighting in Will’s apparent irritation.

“Of course.”

“There is no need to be jealous, my dear.” Hannibal purrs, the curl of his tongue sending a jolt through Will. “I can assure you no liberties are taken when it comes to my professional relationship with others. I save that pleasure for you alone.”

“Hannibal.” Will blushes lightly as he clears his throat with a cough. “We have a job to do.”

“Till then, my love.”

“Till then.”

—

Just as promised, Hannibal’s message comes through a couple hours later.

[Honey, I’m home.]

‘He can’t turn it off can he?’ Will rolls his eyes and sets the phone down. He doesn’t bother replying since the message is quickly followed by the sound of a large metal door and designer heels against the cool basement tile down the hall.

Will exits his office as two silhouetted figures make their way down the long entryway. He leans against the doorframe as they come into the light. Margot breaks from the shadows first, her high collared and black fitted jacket only emphasizing her slim frame. Every inch of her was covered, guarded, she even still dawned her sunglasses through the underground passageway. Will couldn’t tell if she was on her way to a runway or a funeral. Or both.

Hannibal follows just a step behind, covering the rear like the professional Will sometimes forgot he is. Will stand aside making room for them to enter past him, greeting them both with a subtle nod of his head. He shuts the door behind them as Margot takes the lone seat across from Will’s, Hannibal opting to stand by the door like a gentleman.

As they settle in, Will swears he hears the familiar slam of the large metal door, but the absence of footsteps leads him to pay it no mind. “Shall we begin?” Hannibal asks with a smile as he notices the small heart decorating Will’s desk. Margot removes her glasses, her green eyes even more striking against her crimson red lipstick. “Let’s.”

“You two don’t mind if we skip the pleasantries, right?” Will requests as he leans back in his chair with his arms folded over his chest, his empathetic nature already echoing Margot’s guarded demeanor. “It’s impossible not to know the Vergers around here and you don’t strike me as a person who hires someone without doing their homework.”

“You got me there,” Margot smirks. “I might have taken a tiny peek at your *resumés* . Impressive GPA.” Hannibal chuckles at the joke, he had always enjoyed Margot’s quick wit.

“Heh,” Will laughs under his breath, his shoulders softening. “Hannibal has filled me in on the major notes, but what I don’t know is why us? There are plenty of people who do what we do.”

“Do you have any whiskey?” Margot asks with a small twisted smile. “A conversation like this needs something to take the edge off.” Will nods and reaches into the cabinet behind his

desk for one of his private reserves. He pours Margot a drink into the one glass he keeps in his office.

“So?” Will asks, nudging the conversation along. Margot ponders silently for a moment, swirling the whiskey in her glass before speaking. “I saw your dogs upstairs. A pack of sorts.”

“Yes.” Will shares a brief glance with Hannibal, both curious where this is headed.

“Well, what do you do when one gets sick? When it loses its senses? …its mind?” Margot stares into the depth of the brown liquor slowly circling the glass as she continues. “Do you allow the animal to continue to stay in your home and endanger the rest of the pack?” Margot's eyes flick up, narrowing as they lock with Will’s. “No. Mad dogs are put down.”

“You're protecting what's yours.” Hannibal adds matter-of-factly, clearly agreeing with the heiress’ sentiments.

“What little I have, yes.” Margot sips her drink, continuing to watch Will over the rim of her glass.

“That still doesn’t answer why *us* ?” Will asks once more as he puts the bottle of whiskey back.

“I tried to handle this myself…once. Mason thinks I’ve calmed down, that I won’t try it again…. And I need him to keep thinking that.” Margot turns to Hannibal, the older man nodding as if giving her permission to continue. “Hannibal, or more accurately The Ripper, has helped me in the past, but no one person could pull this off and no other team works as … in tune as you two. Mason wants revenge, he’s blinded by it. He’d never expect The Ripper to strike with a partner before he himself has the chance to settle the score. He’ll be caught completely off guard.”

“This is as close to a political coup as our little underworld gets, what is it all for? The inheritance?” Will asks, though as soon as the words leave his lips he realizes it’s about much more.

“No,” Margot scoffs to herself. “If Mason’s lawyers have their way, even post-mortem he’ll make sure to take everything from me. One final act to show how no one can take care of me like he can.”

“Then why?” Hannibal asks, his own curiosity getting the better of him.

Margot brings the glass to her lips and finishes the whiskey in one last elegant sip, a blood red lipstick stain marking the glass. “For my freedom.”

___

Muskrat Farms – 4:30 PM

“I don’t say this often, let alone clients, but you were right.” Freddie admits as she tosses a file of photos onto Mason’s desk. “The Ripper and the Wolf are together again.”

“I do love the sound of that.” Mason purrs as he opens the manilla folder, curiously thumbing through the photos of Will and Hannibal speaking quite intimately in Will’s downstairs kitchen. “You’d think these two were begging for an audience,” Mason scoffs, tossing the photos aside.

“They didn’t leave much of an opening but I’m nothing if not persistent.” Freddie smiles. “Now, about my payment-”

“Never fear Miss Lounds, the money will be in your account by the hour with a little something *extra* for the job well done.”

“Another happy customer,” Freddie beams.

“Very happy indeed.” Mason hums, his eyes falling back to the pictures in front of him. He picks out one showing Hannibal stroking Will’s cheek, the two oblivious to the world around them. “Everything is falling right into place.”

“I find it hard to believe you’re this invested in the Ripper’s love life.” Freddie crosses her arms, her head tilting ever so slightly curiously. “Why the interest in him and Will Graham?”

“I’d hate to spoil the ending Miss Lounds, even for you, but I’ll give you a little taste. Now that the Ripper has shown his weakness, I’ll put his dear mutt down to draw him out. Then, as he’s licking his wounds, I’ll end this once and for all.”

A small shiver hits the small of Freddie’s spine at Mason’s bite on the last word, his teeth practically bared. Just as the two were about to finish up their conversation, a light knock sounds at the door. “Expecting someone?” Freddie asks, cocking a brow as she watches the Verger heir.

“No, I’m not,” Mason shifts back in his chair, his eyes on the door. “Let’s meet our uninvited guest. Be a dear and get the door, won’t you?” Mason smirks, the sound of Freddie’s heels clicking against the exotic hardwood flooring as she crosses the room to the door.

As Freddie opens the door, she steps aside and makes room for the visitor to enter. Mason’s eyes light up with intrigue. “Ah, Mr. Brown. I see you are faring much better than when you last left.” Mason laughs, the memory of Matthew’s mangled form bringing a sick smile to his face. “To what do I owe this interruption?”

Matthew slowly moves closer, Freddie closing the door behind him and following the man back towards Mason.

Matthew stops a few feet away from Mason and quietly swallows the lump of uncertainty forming in his throat. Now as he stands before Mason, part of him is unsure whether this is the way.

“I’m *waiting* .” Mason calls, his voice much too loud for such a large room, the sound bouncing off the walls and ringing in his company’s ears.

“I’d like to discuss a mutual interest.” Matthew answers, standing tall, his mind is made up. “Hannibal Lecter.”

The Calm

Chapter Summary

Matthew makes a deal and Margot makes a mistake.

Chapter Notes

A/N: In this chapter, Mason is very… Mason.

Muskrat Farms – 4:41 PM

"Hannibal Lecter, aye? You have my attention." Mason hums as he adjusts his glasses, eyeing up the man in front of him. "But not for long." Mason stays locked on Matthew as Freddie rests against a cabinet at the edge of the room, arms crossed as watching the two men from a 'safe' distance, far too curious to even consider leaving.

"He and Mr. Graham are working together again." Matthew announces, Mason watching him silently as his trademark sinister smile fades.

"Oh, are you done? That's all?" Mason cocks a brow, t *sk* -ing as he leans forward, laces his fingers together and rests his head over his folded hands, his gaze on Matthew intensifying as his eyes narrow. "How disappointing." Before Matthew can speak, Mason continues, his patience gone. "I am quite aware of the Wolf and the Ripper being back in each other's orbit again thanks to Miss Lounds here. If you have nothing new to provide, I suggest you limp through the same door which you entered before I pluck and roast you. Guards-"

"Did you know *your* sister is involved?" Matthew asks before Mason can continue, the Mad Dog silenced as his lips curl into a blood curdling grin. "Now *that* , Mr. Brown, is very interesting. Do you have any proof to support such a claim? I can't have you dragging poor Margot's reputation through the mud." Mason purrs.

"Do you know where she is right now?" Matthew smirks. "I do."

"And here I thought you got the spirit beaten out of you." Mason leans back in his chair with a devious glint in his eye. "And what do you want in return, exactly? Money? Or the Ripper, perhaps?" Mason prods, Matthew's jaw tightens at the mere mention of Hannibal. "Ah, no. That look in your eyes…you want the *Wolf* ~" Mason sings.

"You want the Ripper and Mr. Graham has-"

“Mr. Graham,” Mason interrupts, “has a pivotal part to play, I assure you.” Mason stands from his desk and grabs his cane, his fingers slowly curling around the boar’s head. “But I’m in a generous mood. You can have Will Graham. What’s left of him anyway. Someone else has first dibs I’m afraid.” Mason smirks as he moves from behind his desk, the tap of his cane striking Matthew’s eardrum with each step. “To the *victor* go the spoils, you see.”

Mason makes his way over to a coat rack on the opposite side of the room, two security guards appearing through the door as slips on his fur overcoat. “Now, if you’ll both excuse me.” Mason turns to the pair, combing a hand through his spiked hair with a malicious smile as the goons guide Matthew and Freddie towards the door. “I need to have a little chat with my dear sister.”

———

Muskrat Farms – 6:12 PM

“Good evening, Margot,” Cordell smiles, his unnerving demeanor sending a familiar shiver down Margot’s spine as she enters the mansion, knocking snow off of her boots. “Cordell.” She replies civilly as she removes her gloves and steps past him only for the larger man to block her path. “If you’ll excuse me, Cordell,” she bites, eager to return to her room. “I’ve had a long day.”

“And a long night to look forward to I’m sure, but Mason would like to speak to you.” Cordell answers. “Allow me to escort you.”

“No, thank you.” Margot pushes past the larger man who simply chuckles as she passes. “That wasn’t an offer, I’m afraid. It was an order.” Cordell purrs from behind, goosebumps crawling up Margot’s neck as she stops in her tracks, resigning with a sigh. “Let’s get this over with.”

“That’s the spirit.” Cordell chirps, making his way in front of the heiress and leading her to her brother’s bedroom. Margot follows a handful of steps behind, her dread growing as they make their way down the dark winding hallways, the discernible door coming into view. Cordell knocks three times then opens the door, ushering Margot inside. “Right this way, I know he is eager to see you.”

“Lucky me.” Margot quips with an eye roll as she enters, Cordell shutting the door behind her. Margot takes a single step, pausing as she hears the door lock behind her.

“Come in, come in my dear sister. I’ve been waiting.” Mason calls from further within, most likely the bedchamber in the back section of his spacious suite. Margot takes a deep breath, collecting herself before continuing forward.

“What can I do for you, Mason?” Margot calls as she steps over the moray eel tank embedded in the center of the entryway’s marble floor. “It’s getting late and I have plans.” She cautiously scans for her brother as she steps into the back room greeted by an eerie silence.

“Always the busiest little bee aren’t you, Margot?” Mason cackles, startling his sister as he steps out of his walk-in closet. Margot catches her breath, eyes locked on Mason as he crosses the room. She notices a leather belt in his hand along with others displayed across his bed as if deciding which to wear.

“It looks like you have plans as well.” Margot hums, her lips curling into a subtle smirk. “A date perhaps?” She taunts, cocking her head to the side as she crosses her arms over her chest.

“Hah! Oh Margot, you know I only have time *and eyes* for you.” Mason sings as he fiddles with the leather belt in his hands before placing it alongside the others, swapping it for another thinner one. “Speaking of…” Mason continues under his breath as he turns to Margot, belt still in hand as he moves closer. “Why would my dear sister be visiting the Ol’ Rescue in Wolf Trap? I admit that Will Graham has a nice face, not as nice as mine was, but he does lack certain parts for your… recent… proclivities, Margot.”

“Tastes change.” Margot quips, certain there is no point in lying since Mason clearly had her followed. Mason chuckles at Margot’s reply, her monotone wit almost melodic to his ears. It’s what makes their little games so delightful.

“Indeed they do. Indeed. They. Do.” Mason circles back to the bed and picks a different belt, one with a thicker strap and decorative studs. “For your sake, I hope the Ripper’s have. I don’t think he’ll take too kindly to you hanging around his beau. Others have disappeared for less.”

“Bold of you to assume he wasn’t invited.” Margot smirks, knowing the only way to lie to Mason, is to tell him the truth.

“There’s that sharp tongue again! Haha!” Mason laughs. “Seems Mr. Graham has picked up quite a few strays recently. Interesting isn't it?”

“No, not really. What game are you trying to play, Mason?” Margot steps back, watching her brother intently as he strides closer.

“You set up the board, Margot. I’m just… taking my turn.” Mason purrs as he begins circling his sister, preventing any retreat. Margot tenses, slowly holding her arms even closer to her chest, bracing for anything her brother could have planned. “Now, I’ll admit going after the Ripper’s little plaything didn’t go as first planned. But I’m now being graced with the second chance I oh so deserve. With a little help, the pieces have all fallen into place.”

“So why haven’t you made your move?”

“Like with any good game…I must wait for the perfect opportunity.” Mason pauses next to Margot and places a hand on her shoulder. “The Ripper is already distracted with his little pup again. He’s gotten sloppy…careless.” Mason curls his fingers, his grip on Margot tightening as he continues. “But you can understand that right? Especially when a loved one is involved.”

“Leave her out of this.” Margot bites, her lip curling as she watches her brother with piercing emerald eyes.

“I didn’t bring Alana into this... No, not me. Now I’ll let you run off to your little date, Margot. Just answer me one more thing.” Mason lets go of her shoulder and continues around to the front, looming over Margot mere inches from his younger sister. “Where does your allegiance lie?”

“With you.” Margot smiles. And soon, if all goes according to plan, that same allegiance born out of survival would lie directly next to Mason in a lined casket size feet under. Mason returns her smile and gently brushes a strand of hair from her face, his rough leather gloves grazing against Margot’s cheek.

“Oh Margot…” Mason smiles, his hand falling to his side as the corners of his lips twist. “I almost believed you.”

As Mason raises his hand, Margot tries to step back but it’s too late.

“Ah-!” Margot screams as Mason backhands her across the cheek, the strike knocking her straight to the floor. Mason kneels without another word and hooks the belt around her neck, Margot gasping for air as he pulls the strap tight. She quickly reaches for her neck, desperately slipping a finger then two under the leather barely creating enough space to breathe.

“Ack-” Margot gasps as Mason drags her across the room to the bed where he grabs another belt and whips it across Margot’s body, his sister curling to cover herself and her face as best as she can.

“First…the Ripper takes Papa.” Mason speaks, his tone emotionless as he lashes Margot emphatically. “Then my face. And now, my own sister?” Margot winces as the leather rips across her forearms. She attempts to swallow the tears, but each lash stings more than the last. She can’t breathe, let alone scream.

Then, Mason pulls her up onto the bed, Margot clawing at the belt to remove it from her neck as she backs up against the bed frame, catching her breath. She glares at her brother through dark tears and rage, her body still shaking as Mason combs a hand through his hair with a deep breath, seemingly calming himself.

“Papa will be avenged, Marot.” Mason asserts as he reaches for Margot, kneeling on the bed as he takes her forcefully by the chin. “ *I* will be avenged.” He then digs in his coat pocket and pulls out a small cotton square, dabbing it against Margot’s mascara strained cheek. “One for the road.” Mason smiles as he places the fabric in a container from his nightstand, slipping both in his pocket.

“...for the road?” Margot asks weakly under her breath, her twin’s sinister smirk making her blood curdle.

“Clean yourself up, Margot. It’s rude to be late.”

The Storm

Chapter Summary

The Vergers take a little drive.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Mason continues to be himself sadly. Let's just assume this until the end of the fic...

Baltimore, Maryland – 8:30 PM

Margot blinks slowly, her vision blurry as she awakes to the low hum of a car. She remains quiet as she takes in her surroundings, the cold car window stinging against her pounding head. Her hands are bound in her lap making it more difficult to sit up straight but she manages with a small groan.

“Ah, there she is. Wakey wake-y, Margot.” Mason sings across from Margot, each of the twins with two guards on either side of them. “You suffered quite the bump on the head. I’m glad to see you so…alert.”

“And so soon.” Cordell adds, smiling at Mason’s side.

“No thanks to you.” Margot bites, glancing towards the window. She takes a deep breath as she watches the rain strike against the window pane, noting a handful of skyscrapers coming into view as they enter the city limits. They are close now. Even though Margot is sore and bruised, all she can think about is Alana waiting for her at the restaurant and now, unknowingly, Mason. A few more silent moments pass before the car starts to slow and takes a series of twists and turns through the back alleys of Baltimore.

Finally, the vehicle stops outside a single dimly lit door, the exit sign barely visible through the pouring rain. “Make it quick and keep it quiet,” Mason commands as he relaxes back against the leather seat. “Don’t get showy.” Cordell simply smiles with a nod as he grabs his umbrella and swiftly exits the car.

Margot follows Cordell’s silhouette as he enters the building, her heart racing. Alana is far from a damsel in distress, but she can’t help but worry about what will happen if she puts up a fight. In fact, they probably prefer it.

Mere seconds feel like hours as the siblings wait in the car, Mason passing the time by humming. Margot groans softly as Mason's phone begins to ring, his tune now replaced by another grating melody. Mason glances at the device, his lips curling into a delighted grin. His eyes flick up on Margot as he answers the call, his gaze locked.

"You didn't make too much of a mess did you?" Mason asks, a lump forming in Margot's throat as he speaks.

"She's not here." Cordell answers coldly. "Manager says she left shortly before we arrived."

"Slippery one, that Bloom." Mason hums dryly, his smile fading. Margot can't help but breathe a sigh of relief knowing her lover is safe for another moment.

"We can have our men search her known addresses and-"

"No need, she'll be long gone by now." Mason interrupts, a slight irritation lacing through his tone. "Miss Bloom was but no more than a benchwarmer in this little game of ours, I just wanted to offer her a chance to play. We'll return home." Mason hangs up the phone and slides it back into his jacket pocket, turning his attention back to his sister. "Don't fret, Margot. We'll find her. But now, I'm running out of options it seems."

Mason leans forward, sporting his sinister smirk once more as he places a hand on Margot's knee, his hand traveling up her thigh. "Until I have the Ripper, you'll just have to play with me. Just like the *good* ol' days." Margot's heart rate spikes, her fight or flight response doing little to help her against her binds.

Just as Mason's hand reaches the hem of Margot's dress, Cordell returns to the car, Margot never so happy to see the larger man. Without another word, the group leave the alley and return to Muskrat farms. Margot doesn't know what Mason has planned for her but she is certain he won't kill her. Not yet.

———

Baltimore, Maryland –1:30 AM

Hannibal quietly enters the foyer of his home, locking the door behind him with a soft sigh. He takes a small wrapped package from under his arm and places it on the nearest table as he removes his gloves and leather jacket, hanging the latter up to dry. Hannibal combs a hand through his damp hair, pushing a few loose locks back into place before picking the item back up and making his way to the kitchen.

Tonight's hit was completed quickly, yet surgically, with the storm providing the perfect. He was hesitant to accept the job at first since Will is his primary concern at the moment, but he is restless and needs to keep food on the table.

As Hannibal reaches the dining room door, he pauses, something clearly off. *He isn't alone* . With the package still in hand, he swiftly takes a knife from his belt, concealing it in his sleeve. He grips the handle firmly and opens the door, stepping through the threshold only to stop in his tracks as he takes in the sight before him.

Across the room at the foot of Hannibal's dining room table silently stands Will, his clothes soaked and bloody. Hannibal follows the younger man's gaze down towards a beaten body lying still in the center of the table. Hannibal shuts the door behind him and turns back to Will, the Wolf still fixated on the body between them.

Suddenly, Will shifts his attention to the older man, their gazes locking with one another. Will's pupils are wide and dark, his cerulean eyes as deep as the ocean as he holds onto his remaining restraint, his breath heavy and wild from the kill. Just as Hannibal is about to speak, Will breaks the silence, his words barely audible above the growl from his chest. "He knows."

End Notes

As always, thanks for reading! Follow me on Twitter if you like the HEU and NSFW tweets!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!